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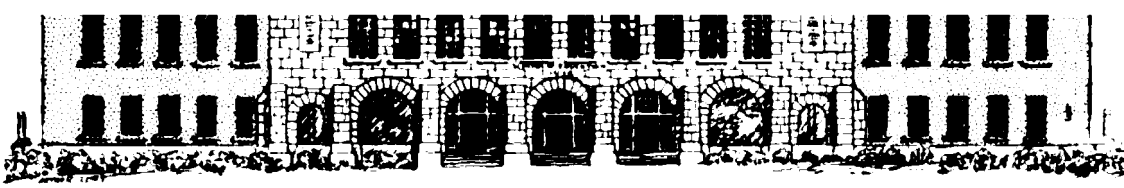

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By G. S. HILL

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LELAND STANFORD JU

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PREFAC

THE FRANKLIN FOURTH READ
corresponds to the Fourth
series, and is intended to be used
class. There is more variety in
are, in general, somewhat more ea
With a single exception, — tha
Hymn to Night, — they are all
nal contributions, in which the
right. The work, as will be see
trated, and no pains have been s
ers to make it attractive.

The compiler expresses his obl
R. Osgood & Co. for permission
in prose and verse, from "Our
same acknowledgments are due,
Messrs. Lee and Shepard and to
publishers of "Our Boys and G
sery."

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He is also much indebted to M

the subject is treated at greater length.

G. S. H

BOSTON, July 1, 1873.

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an excellent
er, in which

HILLARD.

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PRINCIPLES OF PRONUNCIATION.

KEY TO THE SOUNDS OF THE MARKED LETTE

VOWELS.

	Examples.
Ā *long*	FĀTE, ĀID, LĀCE.
Ă *short*	FĂT, MĂN, LĂD.
À *long before* R	FÀRE, PÀIR, BEÀR.
Ä *Italian or grave*	FÄR, FÄTHER.
Ą *intermediate*	FĄST, BRĄNCH, GRĄSP.
Â *broad*	FÂLL, HÂUL, WÂLK.
Ạ *slight or obscure*	LIẠR, PALẠCE.
Ē *long*	MĒTE, SĒAL, KĒĒP.
Ĕ *short*	MĔT, MĔN, SĔLL.
Ê *like* À	HÊIR, THÊRE, WHÊRE.
Ė *short and obtuse*	HĖR, HĖRD, FĖRN.
Ę *slight or obscure*	BRIẸR, FUẸL.
Ī *long*	PĪNE, FĪLE, FĪND.
Ĭ *short*	PĬN, FĬLL, MĬSS.
Î *like long* Ē	MÎEN, MACHÎNE.
Ï *short and obtuse*	SÏR, FÏR, BÏRD.
Į *slight or obscure*	ELIXĮR, RUĮN.

	Examples.
Ō *long*	NŌTE, FŌAL, TŌ
Ŏ *short*	NŎT, DŎN, ŎDD.
Ô *long and close*	MÔVE, PRÔVE, F
Ö *broad, like broad* Ā	NÖR, FÖRM, SÖR
Ŏ *like short* Ŭ	SŎN, DŎNE, CŎM
Ọ *slight or obscure*	ACTỌR, CỌNFESS
Ū *long*	TŪBE, TŪNE, SŪ
Ŭ *short*	TŬB, TŬN, HŬT.
Û *middle or obtuse*	BÛLL, PÛLL, FÛ
Ü *short and obtuse*	MÜRMUR, FÜRTH
Ů *like* Ô *in* MÔVE	RŮLE, RŮDE, BR
Ụ *slight or obscure*	SỤLPHUR, FAMOỤ
Ȳ *long*	TȲPE, STȲLE, LȲ
Ў *short*	SЎLVAN, SЎMBOL
Ÿ *short and obtuse*	MŸRRH, MŸRTLE
Ỵ *slight or obscure*	TRULỴ, MARTỴR.

ÖĬ *and* ÖĬ ..... BÖĬL, TÖĬL, BÖĬ, TÖĬ.
ÖÛ *and* ÖW̄ ..... BÖÛND, TÖW̄N, MÖW̄.
EW̄ *like long* Ū ..... FEW̄, NEW̄, DEW̄.

CONSONANTS.

	Examples.
Ç, ç, *soft like* S	AÇID, PLAÇID.
Ȼ, c̦, *hard, like* K	FLAȻCID.
Ȼh, c̦h, *hard, like* K	ȻHARACTER.
Çh, ç̦h, *soft, like* SH	ÇHEVALIER.
Ch *like* TSH	CHURCH.
Ɠ, g̦, *hard*	GET, GIVE.
Ģ, ġ, *soft, like* J	ĢENDER.
Ş, ș, *soft, like* Z	MUŞE, DIŞMAL.
Ẋ, ẋ, *soft or flat, like* GZ	EẊAMPLE.
Th, th, *soft, flat, or vocal*	THIS, THEE.
Th, th, *sharp*	THIN, THINK.
TION, SION *like* SHUN	NATIỌN. PENSIỌN.
ŞION *like* ZHUN	CONFUŞION.

	Examples.
CEAN, CIAN *like* SHAN	OCEAN. OPTICIAN.
CIAL, SIAL, TIAL *like* SHAL	COMMERCIAL CONTROVERS PARTIAL.
CEOUS, CIOUS, TIOUS *like* SHUS	FARINACEOUS CAPACIOUS. SENTENTIOUS
GEOUS, GIOUS *like* JUS	COURAGEOUS RELIGIOUS.
QU *like* KW	QUEEN, QUIL
WH *like* HW	WHEN, WHIL
PH *like* F	PHANTOM.

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ETTERS.

nples.
ŌAL, TŌW.
N, ŎDD.
RÔVE, FÔÔD
RM, SÖRT.
NE, CŎME.
CONFESS.
ŪNE, SŪIT.
, HŬT.
ÛLL, FÛLL.
, FÜRTHER.
ÛDE, BRÛTE.
, FAMOUS.
ŸLE, LĪRE.
SŸMBOL.
MŸRTLE.
IARTYR.

ramples.
N.
IAN.
ERCIAL.
ROVERSIAL
IAL.
ACEOUS.
IOUS.
NTIOUS.
CEOUS.

THE FRANKLIN FOU

INTRODUCT

ARTICULATI

CORRECT articulation is the basis
plies a clear and accurate utterance
proportion of sound to every letter,
mination to each syllable or soun
menced.

The following exercises in articulati
as a *daily* discipline, during the entir
ume is used. Every reading-lesson s
exercise in articulation, even though
and words should be accurately a
especial attention should be given to
to be perverted or suppressed. The i
training in this department especia
attention of teachers.

Concert exercises upon the table
quent changes of key, and with d
sometimes with all the power of whi
well calculated to develop command
curacy in pronunciation. Similar ex

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Vocal gymnastics is the art of training the vocal
as to develop their powers, a
them to act with ease, preci
effect.

All who would be good reade
practise systematically and pe
such vocal exercises as will g
complete control of all the m
articulation, increase the power
ticity of the voice, rendering i
pure, and melodious.

Such exercises rightly taker
only give power and purity
voice, but will also promote th
health.

Physical culture and vocal
are so intimately connected th
proper development of one the other must be n
improved; indeed, no vocal exercises can be corre

tised without first se
proper position and c
the body.

It is of the first i
that pupils acquire
of sitting correctly.
command, *One:* i
the pupils assume t
ing position: —

1. Sit erect as fa
the seat as possible.

2. Body square
front.

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angle of sixty degrees.

4. Knees bent nearly at right angles.

5. Chest fully expanded.

6. Hands resting gently on the edge of the seat.

7. Shoulders level.

8. Head erect.

9. Chin slightly depressed.

10. Eyes directly to the front.

11. Incline the body slightly forward, bringing the ear, shoulder, elbow, and hip in a straight line, as in Fig. 1.

At the command, *Two:* Right fac

At the command, *Three:* Stand; still facing to the right. See Fig. 3.

At the command, *Four:* Left face, standing in the correct position, viz.:

1. Heels in a line and touching each other.

2. Feet turned equally outward, forming with each other an angle of sixty degrees.

3. Knees straight.

4. Body erect and square to the front.

5. Arms hanging easily at the side.

7. Shoulders square and at equal height.

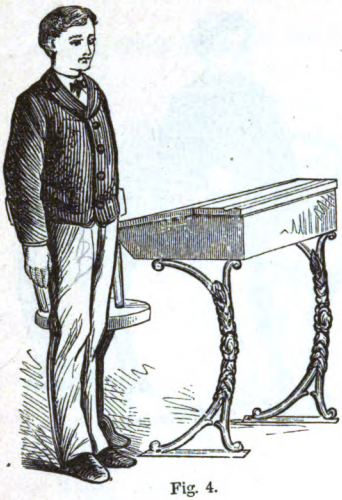

Fig. 4.

8. Head erect.

9. Eyes looking direc
the front.

10. Chin slightly
pressed.

11. Body inclined
ward, bringing ear, sho
hip, knee, and ankle, in
tical line. See Fig. 4.

Every change in po
should be made with mi
precision and promptnes

Pupils in position,
Fig. 4, with lungs full
flated, are now ready to
tise the following

EXERCISES ON THE VOWEL SOUNDS.

In pronouncing the words in the following exercises,
cial attention should be given to the precise sound o
letters italicized. The sounds of the letters in Italics
the same as the sound of the vowel at the head of the
graph.

a, long, as in *fāte.* — Fame, blame, obey, survey, can
nature, ancient, neighbor, weigh, sleigh, patron, matron
triot, patriotism.

a, short, as in *făt.* — Bat, bad, had, cannon, sand, fancy,
ry, have, charity, inhabit, national.

a, Italian, as in *fär.* — Are, star, guitar, alarm, father,
hearth, guard, daunt, gauntlet, jaundice, balm, aunt.

a, broad, as in *fâll;* and *o,* as in *nör.* — Call, tall, nor,
storm, salt, ought, fought, nought, awful, water, autho
ways, cause, lawyer, balsam, palsy.

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a, as in *fâre*; and *e*, as in *thêre*. — Dare, rare, pair, air, bear, where, stare, pare.

a, as in *fäst*. — Blast, chance, lance, branch, grasp, graft, grant, grass, pass, class, mastiff, pasture, plaster.

e, long, as in *mēte*; and *i*, as in *marîne*. — Be, she, theme, scene, marine, pique, fiend, grieve, treaty, relief, belief, receive, deceive, receipt, leaf, lenient.

e, short, as in *mĕt*. — Bed, bread, debt, engine, said, says, friend, special, preface, heroism, again, merit, helm, realm, many, any, get, yes, chest, egg, kettle.

i, long, as in *pīne*; and *y*, as in *bȳ*. — Smile, mile, child, fly, height, might, type, isle, defy, guide, guile, sky, kind, blight, flight, apply, tiny.

i, short, as in *pĭn*; and *y*, as in *mўth*. — Din, ring, prince, whip, skip, city, agile, busy, sieve, sift, cygnet, cylinder, wring, bring, Italian.

o, long, as in *nōte*. — Home, dome, glory, vocal, gore, only, both, oath, explode, historian, poet, foe, dough, glow, soldier, yeoman, coeval, encroach, note, devotion.

o, short, as in *nŏt*. — Mob, rob, sob, was, wash, dot, got, watch, wasp, bond, fond, from, foster, docile.

o, long and close, as in *môve*; and *u*, as in *rûle*. — Prove, mood, remove, smooth, rude, truant, prudent, brutal.

u, long, as in *tūbe*; and *ew*, as in *new*. — Tune, cure, lure, duty, curate, few, pew, Tuesday, cubic, music, pursuit, resume, endure, luminary, beautiful, revolution.

u, short, as in *tŭb*; and *o*, as in *sŏn*. — Just, must, fun, rug, such, does, rough, son, ton, one, some, tongue, nothing, come.

u, middle, as in *fûll*. — Bush, push, could, should, good, hood, wolf, pulpit, cushion, woolen, puss, foot, pulley, book.

u, short and obtuse, as in *für*; *e*, as in *hër*; *i*, as in *fïr*; and *y*, as in *mўrrh*. — Burn, murmur, further, herd, fern, person,

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oi, as in *vŏĭce;* and *oy,* as in *bŏy̆.* — Boil, coil, coy, toy
joint, joist, noise, employ, rejoice, avoid, appoint, oyste
ou, as in *sŏûnd;* and *ow,* as in *nŏw̆.* — Pound, proud,
vow, endow, noun, town, doubt, devout, plough, g
vowel, thou.

VOWEL SOUNDS IN UNACCENTED SYLLAB

Vowels marked with a dot underneath, thus (ạ, ẹ, i
y,), are found so marked only in syllables which are r
cented, and which are slightly or hastily articulated.

This mark indicates a *slight* stress of voice in utteri
appropriate sound of the vowel, rather than *any part*
quality of sound. In a majority of cases this mark m
regarded as indicating an *indistinct short* sound, as in *n*
travẹl, perịl, idọl, forụm, carry: — *friạr, speakẹr, nadịr,*
sulphụr.

In many cases, however, it indicates a slight or unacc
long sound; as in *sulphạte, ẹmerge, ọbey, dụplicity, educat*

The difference between the long and obscure long
may be readily distinguished. In the word fate, the *a* is
in the word fatality, the first *a* is obscure long. The
similar with the *o* in the words note and notorious.
word deliberate, when a verb, as "I will deliberate," th
long; when an adjective, as "A deliberate act," it is ol
long.

The common errors in the pronunciation of words o
class are, either a complete suppression of the vowel sou
the substitution of a sound of some *other* vowel. This
pression or perversion of sound is much increased b
hurried manner in which many persons are accustome
speak or read. So general is this fault, that the ear bec
accustomed to the improper sounds from infancy; henc
difficulty and the importance of remedying the defect.
habit of indistinct utterance is one easily acquired, and it
becomes very difficult to eradicate.

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In pronouncing words containing unaccented syllables, care should be taken to avoid a formal or fastidious prominence of sound. The two extremes which ought to be equally avoided are, carelessness on the one hand, and extreme precision on the other, as if the sounds of the letters were constantly uppermost in the mind.

a, obscure, as in *mental.* — Musical, comical, critical, numerical, fatal, principal, original, criminal, ascendant, defendant, defiance, reliance, variance, countenance, performance, peaceable, agreeable, sociable, amiable, detestable, respectable, tolerable.

a, obscure long, as in *sulphate.* — Ability, about, abolish, afloat, again, alarm, amaze, apart, arise, away, canal, caress, cathedral, separate.

e, obscure, as in *travel.* — Travel, chapel, gravel, counsel, moment, confidence, dependent, silence, eminent, goodness, boundless, sameness, plainness, laziness.

e, obscure long, as in *emerge.* — Believe, benevolent, before, behold, delight, deliver, deny, prepare, precede.

i, obscure, as in *ruin.* — Invincible, forcible, audible, illegible, possibly.

o, obscure, as in *idol.* — Collect, command, commence, committee, compose, comply, concern, convert, consult.

o, obscure long, as in *obey.* — Domain, corroborate, history, rhetoric, memorable, memory, composition, advocate, potato, motto, window, meadow, willow, billow, follow, to-morrow.

u, obscure, as in *sulphur.* — Awful, fearful, playful, dutiful, graceful, beautifully.

u, obscure long, as in *educate.* — Articulate, accurate, masculine, regular, particular, emulate, pleasure, exposure, nature, feature, pressure, leisure.

y, obscure, as in *truly.* — Envy, lady, safety, marrying, car-

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and clearness of sound should be given to the conso
ments. The letters to which attention is more pa
directed are printed in Italics.

b, as in *babe*. — *B*ad, *b*ag, *b*at, *b*eet, *b*ear, *b*ought, *b*e
e*bb*, tu*b*e, glo*b*e, inha*b*it, *bab*le, *bab*ler, *b*ound.

ch, as in *church*. — *Ch*air, *ch*at, *ch*arm, *ch*eck, *ch*urn
swit*ch*, sat*ch*el, tou*ch*ing.

d, as in *did*. — *D*eed, *d*ebt, ma*d*, mo*d*est, woul*d*, sh
*d*uce, a*dd*ed, we*dd*ed, *d*ated.

f, as in *fife*. — *F*ame, *f*eud, *f*anci*f*ul, pro*ff*er, cra*f*ty,
rou*gh*, lau*gh*ter, *f*atal, *f*ireman, *f*erry.

g, as in *gag*. — *G*ame, pla*g*ue, va*g*ue, *gh*ost, *g*one,
*g*uilt, *g*uinea, *g*ive.

h, as in *hold*. — *H*ay, *h*ate, *h*igh, *h*uge, *h*uman, w*h*o,
child*h*ood, with*h*old, ink-*h*orn, race-*h*orse, per*h*aps, u

j, as in *joy*. — *J*am, *j*ar, *g*esture, *g*ibbet, e*dg*e, le*dg*e, *j*

k, as in *kirk*. — *C*ar, *c*oil, see*k*, music, tal*k*, vaccinat
e*ch*o, *ch*oir, *ch*orus, epo*ch*, ar*ch*itect.

l, as in *lull*. — Be*ll*, *l*urk, is*l*e, pa*l*e, *l*ark, *ll*, *l*ivel
hai*l*, ta*ll*, sweet*l*y.

m, as in *maim*. — *M*an, *m*orn, *m*ound, *m*o*m*ent, bla*m*
*m*e*m*ory.

n, as in *nun*. — *N*ine, li*n*e*n*, *n*ay, ca*n*, kee*n*, *n*oun, *gn*a
ba*nn*er.

ng, as in *song*. — Ki*ng*, ri*ng*, fli*ng*i*ng*, si*ng*i*ng*, a*ng*er,

p, as in *pipe*. — *P*eer, *p*ool, ha*pp*y, ra*p*id, tro*p*ic, *pup*
cree*p*.

r,[1] (trilled,) initial, or before a vowel, as in *rap*
*r*ough, *r*aw, *r*ot, *r*est, *r*ide, *r*ise, *r*ural.

[1] The letter *r*, used as an *initial*, or before a vowel, is articu
forcible trill of the tongue against the upper gum. This sou

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our, eternal, murmur, former, to

s, as in *seal.* — *S*in, *s*ign, *s*uit, dose

sh, as in *shine.* — *Sh*ade, *sh*ine, gas
*si*on, enun*ci*ation, expan*si*on, acti

t, as in *tent.* — *T*ell, *t*ime, *t*une, r
bet*t*er, cha*tt*er, *t*utor, *t*aught.

th, as in *thin.* — *Th*ank, *th*ick, t
mou*th*, mon*th*, brea*th*, *th*ankful, t

th, as in *thine.* — *Th*is, *th*us, *th*ere,
bre*th*ren, far*th*ing, fa*th*er, brea*th*e,

v, as in *valve.* — *V*eer, *v*ine, *v*ivid, v

w, as in *wine.* — *W*aft, *w*all, *w*on
*w*orm*w*ood, *w*eather, be*w*are, *w*eal,

wh, as in *whit.* — *Wh*ale, *wh*ere, w
*wh*ite, *wh*iten, *wh*ipping, *wh*isper.

x, like *ks,* as in *tax.* — Bo*x*, si*x*,
e*x*ecute, comple*x*ion.

x, like *gz,* as in *exalt.* — E*x*act, ex
tation.

y, as in *yes.* — *Y*ear, *y*oung, *y*awn,
mill*i*on, rebell*i*on, span*i*el, fil*i*al, u

z, as in *zeal.* — A*s*, was, *z*ephyr,
praise*s*, arise, breeze*s*, *X*erxes.

z, like *zh,* as in *azure.* — Glazier, le
casion, persuasion, osier, vision.

CONSONANT COMBI

Pronounce the following words dis
initial and final combinations are p
also be pronounced separately.

Words without connection of sen

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*tr*uce, *tw*ine, *wh*en.

4. Cu*rb*, wo*lf*, triu*mph*, di*rge*, lu*nch*, ma*rsh*, i*nk*, jer
sto*rm*, pris*m*, rhy*thm*, ea*rn*, bla*ck'n*, ope*n*, lis*p*, usu*rp*, ca

5. A*ct*, si*ft*, fe*lt*, lea*rnt*, so*rt*, fi*rst*, a*pt*, ca*nst*, lis*p'd*,
tha*nk'd*, ro*ck'd*, hea*p'd*, pi*tch'd*, repu*ls'd*.

6. W*a*n*ts*, fa*cts*, st*a*r*ts*, prece*pts*, roa*sts*, de*nse*, o*nce*,
e*lse*, ne*cks*, si*lks*, i*nks*, proo*fs*, cu*ffs*, tru*ths*, de*pths*.

7. W*a*n*t'st*, wi*lt'st*, le*ft'st*, atte*mpt'st*, he*lp'st*, ho*p'st*, l
as*k'st*.

8. E*bb'd*, co*mb'd*, lon*g'd*, obli*g'd*, brea*th'd*, wo*rld*,
whe*lm'd*, e*nd*, ope*n'd*, hea*rd*, li*v'd*, star*v'd*.

9. Li*v'dst*, pro*v'dst*, fi*ll'dst*, lea*rn'dst*.

VOWEL AND CONSONANT SOUNDS IN SENTENCES.

A *sentence* is an assemblage of words so joined as t
complete sense.

The following sentences are arranged to aid the lea
acquiring a correct enunciation, both of vowels and cons
The vowels to which attention is to be especially direc
printed in Italics.

a long, as in fāte. — St*a*y, l*a*dy, st*a*y, for mercy's s*a*ke
br*ea*king w*a*ves dashed high. To pr*ai*se the hand th
thy p*ai*ns. Well hast thou fr*a*med, old man, thy s
O, g*ao*ler, h*a*ste that f*a*te to tell!

a short, as in făt. — I *a*m not m*a*d! The proper st
m*a*nkind is m*a*n. He b*a*de me st*a*nd *a*nd hear my
*A*s on a j*a*g of a mountain cr*a*g.

a Italian, as in fär. — Hast thou a ch*a*rm to stay the r
st*a*r? Here it comes sp*a*rkling, and there it lies d
Ay, l*au*gh, ye fiends! Not a soldier disch*a*rged his
shot. To *a*rms! to *a*rms! they come! they come!

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him little who praises *all*. *Auro* the d*aw*n.

a long before *r*, as in f*à*re. — I d*a*r l*a*ir. O happy p*a*ir! O happy f*a* ful with all this c*a*re. Let me bu your c*a*res.

a intermediate, as in f*ă*st. — Oh gra*a* F*a*ster come, f*a*ster come, f*a*ster he flew swiftly p*a*st. What ma*s* have!

e long, as in mē. — 'T is sw*ee*t to se H*ea*r, O y*e* nations! h*ea*r it, O y*e* h*ea*ves a huge round stone. We we are; nor as w*e* are, say w*e*, we

e short, as in ĕ mĕt. — Uprouse ye, t Eternal summer gilds them y*e*t, s*e*t. He saw an *e*lk upon the ban

i long, as in pīne. — For l*i*fe, for His bl*i*thest notes the p*i*per pl*i*ed s*i*lent all?

i short, as in pĭn. — Br*i*ng h*i*ther, H*i*m first, h*i*m last, h*i*m m*i*dst, an mer*i*ng lamp st*i*ll, st*i*ll I see. My

o long, as in nōte. — In solemn me the father's n*o*tes of w*o*e. Echo R*o*ll on, thou deep and dark blu c*o*ld; n*o* warmth, n*o* light. On th

o short, as in nŏt. — O'er st*o*ck and He pl*o*ds fr*o*m the sp*o*t. Y*o*n su we f*o*llow in his flight.

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o long and close, as in môve. — Th

u long, as in tūbe. — *Your* voices in His praise att*u*ne.
ad*ieu*; my native shore fades o'er the waters bl*ue*.
bl*ue* vault, and bless the *u*seful light. F*ew*, *few* sh
where many meet!

u short, as in tŭb. — A dr*u*m, a dr*u*m, Macbeth doth
High in his pathway h*u*ng the s*u*n. For l*o*ve is heav
heaven is l*o*ve. H*u*sh! h*u*sh! thou vain dreamer!
where on a s*u*nny bank b*u*ttercups are bright.

u middle, as in fûll. — The g*oo*d w*o*man st*oo*d to l*oo*k
wolf. Sir, you 've p*u*lled my bell as if you 'd p*u*ll it
wire. F*u*ll many a flower is born to blush unseen.

u as in fŭr, longer and closer than *u* in *tub*. — One m
makes a villain. T*u*rn and t*u*rn, and yet go on and
again. St*e*rn w*e*re her looks. The b*i*rd that wh*i*rls in

oi as in vŏĭce. — Rej*oi*ce, still cried the crowd, rej*oi*ce.
songs of j*oy* your v*oi*ces raise. An hour of j*oy*, an a
woe.

ou as in sŏûnd. — And often, when I go to pl*ou*gh, the pl
share turns them *ou*t. Not from one lone clo͡ud, but
m*ou*ntain n*ow* hath f*ou*nd a tongue.

ACCENT AND EMPHASIS.

Accent is a stress which is laid upon one *syllable* of a
more than upon the others. The accented syllable is r
by the acute accent, thus (′), placed just above the syllab
its right; as in ban′ner, win′dow, alone′, return′, forgiv′ing

Emphasis is a stress laid upon one or more *words in a*
tence, and should be placed upon the important word or w
to bring out more fully the meaning of the sentence. Empl
words are sometimes indicated by *Italics*, and sometime
CAPITAL LETTERS.

EXAMPLES OF EMPHASIS.

1. What is *done* cannot be *un*done.
2. When I am *older*, I will praise Him *better*.
3. What *they* know by *reading*, *I* know by *action*.

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I have borne with him *these hundred*

6. An hour passed on — the Turk
That bright dream was his *last;*
He *woke* — to hear his sentry's *sh*
To arms! They come! The GREE
7. *Pet.* How bright and goodly shi
Kath. The moon! the *sun:* it is
Pet. I *say* it is the *moon* that sh
Kath. I *know* it is the *sun* that sl

INFLECTION

Inflection is a slide or bend of the downward, from the usual level of a s

The upward, or *rising inflection* is acute accent (′), and the downward the grave accent (‘).

RISING INFLECTI

The rising inflection is generally though it often extends through seve through an entire sentence. In defi such as may be answered by Yes or N a gradual rise, varied only by emphati diagrams will show the direction of th mon cases of the rising inflection.

The air, the earth, the water, teem with de

Can you read?

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die of hunger in the land which

EXAMPLES OF RISING INFLECTION.

1. Good morning, Henry′. Are you going to schoo
2. Did you ever try′ to help it, John′?
3. Sun′, Wa′ter, and Wind′, and Bird′ say, No.
4. Do you see yonder cloud, that 's almost in the sh
camel′?

FALLING INFLECTION

The falling inflection usually commences at a point a
key, and slides down toward it, and to it when the th
completed. When a sentence ends with a graver se
than the opening one, the voice may fall below the key

Indefinite questions — that is, such as cannot be a
by Yes or No — are usually delivered with a downwa
from the emphatic word to the end of the sentence.

Every leaf is of a different *form*; every *plant* hath a separate in-

What are you going to *do about it*?

Where sleep the

AWAKE, ARISE, or be for-*ever fallen*!

If our cause is not just, there is *no just cause*, and no *justice o*

EXAMPLES OF FALLING INFLECTION.

1. Stop‘! Stand still‘! Hark‘!
2. Tell the truth‘; that is the best excuse at all times
3. Why stand ye here i‘dle?
4. What do you call‘ the play?
5. When shall we get to the top‘ of the hill?
6. *Charge‘*, Chester, *charge‘!* *On‘*, Stanley, *on‘!*

RISING AND FALLING INFLECTIONS.

☞ See page xxvi for examples illustrating these principles.

The following are the more general and obvious pri
for the use of the inflections, to which there are many

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flection, according to the reader's conc
to be conveyed. As a general princi
assertion may be said to have the *fa*
ful or incomplete, the *rising*.

The rising inflection is generally re

1. When the sense is incomplete c

2. In words and phrases of addre
emphatic or long.

3. In language of tender emotion,
and poetic expression.

4. In questions that can be answe
when the question is asked or repea
impatient tone.

5. Where such words are inserted
Said, Replying or Replied, Exclaim
pended or kept up.

The falling reflection is generally r

6. When the sense is complete o
sentence consists of several clauses e
the last but one may take the rising i

7. In questions that cannot be ans

8. In answers to questions, except
or slightly disrespectful manner.

9. In language of deep emotion,
couragement, surprise, denunciation,

10. When words or clauses are c
antithesis, the former part generally
and the latter the falling; but,

11. When negation is opposed to
member of the sentence generally has
the affirmative member the falling,
occur.

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12. All rules for the rising inflect

*** The following examples are numbered so as to refer to the of the above general principles of inflection.

1. With his conduct last evening′, I was not pleas waters′, woods′, and winds′, in concert join.

2. My friends′, I come not here to talk. How is father′! do you not believe′ me′? Well, sir′, the vi —— I yet fear to expose your friend. On‵! ye br rush to glory or the grave‵!

3. My mother′! when I learned that thou wast de wast thou con′scious of the tears′ I shed? Awake, l 't is time to arise′; Come, shake drowsy sleep from It is true, Charles′, we ought to be obliging to one you shall have my kite to-day′ and to-morrow.

4. Can you read′? Will you lend me your kit Thebes a hundred gates′, as sung by Homer′? Can v honor′, or pleasure′, satisfy the soul′?

5. Alas! he said, the ride has wèaried you. Came women in dark clusters round, sóme crying Let them shall not fall‵; and óthers, Let them lie‵! for they ha

6. I will praise God with my voice‵; for I may p though I am but a little child‵. Come, let us go fort fields‵; let us see how the flowers spring‵; let us list warbling of the birds′, and sport ourselves on the new

7. Who, then, can be saved‵? How sleep the br sink to rest, by all their country's wishes blest!

8. *Mr. L.* Do you *like′* to work′?

Boy. Yes, sir′, very well‵, this fine weather.

Mr. L. But would you not rather *play′*?

Boy. This is not *hard‵* work. It is almost as good

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Boy. Peter Hurdle‘, sir.

Mr. L. How *old*‘ are you ?

Boy. Eight years old, next June‘.

Mr. L. How long have you been‘ h

Boy. Ever since six o’clock this mo

Mr. L. Are you not *hungry*′ ?

Boy. Yes, sir′, but I shall go to *din*

Will you go to town′ to-day′ ? Yes

9. Strike‘, you slave‘ ! stand‘, ro slave, strike‘ ! O that I knew where I might come even to His seat‘ !

10. Is this book yours′, or mine‘ ? soft′ or hard‘, rough′ or smooth‘. He honor, worth‘ to wealth′.

11. I come not to destroy,′ but to are brave by deeds‘, not by words′. un‘willingly‘ ? He went will‘ingly, n

12. John′, *John*‘. Mr. Speaker′, see him there′ ? Sir′ ? *Did you se* deny′ it ? *Will you deny‘ it ?* said h in a louder and more emphatic tone‘.

CIRCUMFLEX.

The union of the two inflections is *wave*, and is marked thus, ^ or thus,

The *circumflex* is used to indicate assertion, surprise, irony, contrast, also, in expressions used in a peculia meaning. Its effect is sometimes upo times it takes the form of a wave, or through the sentence, the voice as word, and falling after it (see figures

confidence in its truth as precludes contradiction; a
indirect question, that is, when a *declarative* sentence
in the *form* of a question.

The two inflections combine so as to form differe
of circumflex, which may be represented by the
figures:—

The application of the different forms of the circu
the various classes of sentences must be left, in a gre
ure, to the taste and judgment of the teacher.

EXAMPLES OF THE CIRCUMFLEX.

1. What! is it yours! Are yŏu a traitor?
2. A fiñe man you will make if you go on in this w
3. The cat will play with a ball, but she thinks it r
to torture a mouse.
4. You are not ăngry, sure!
5. Some have sneeringly asked, Are the Americans
to pay a few pounds on stamped pa'per!
6. And they bowed the knee before him, and mocke
saying, Hâil! Kiñg of the Jews!
7. Mother, let me stay at hôme with you to-day.
8. So, you never knĕw the history of this man'.
9. My dear, you have some pretty bĕads there. Yes
And you seem to be vastly plĕased with them. Yes, pa
10. Truly we would not offeñd you.
11. "Triĕd and convicted traitor?" Who says this
Who 'll prove' it at his peril on my head'?
"Bănished!" I thank you for 't. It breaks my

MONOTONE.

When no inflection is used, a *monotone*, or sameness o
is produced.

The term *monotone*, in the language of elocution, shou

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be understood in its literal signification, as "a sound never varied," but rather to imply the successive recurrence of the same radical pitch or tone, with a full, smooth, and prolonged stress of voice. Its low-pitched, solemn utterance may be said to resemble the repeated sounds of a deep-toned bell, with its perpetually recurring low note.

It is the language of awe, reverence, solemnity, grandeur, majesty, and power; especially when connected with the idea of supernatural agency, or influence. Emotions of amazement, terror, and horror are often expressed in monotone.

In its proper place, monotone can be employed with beauty and effect; but one of the most prominent faults in reading is a prevalent use of this mode of voice without reference to appropriateness. This habit destroys everything like feeling or expression, and is the chief cause of that wearisome sameness so common in the reading exercise of the school-room. Teachers should be unremitting in their efforts to counteract this tendency. To this end they should omit no opportunity of showing the use and effect of the inflections and the circumflex; also of leading the child to study the meaning of the selection to be read and to give expression to the author's ideas by means of the proper tones, stress, pitch, and movement of the voice.

EXAMPLES OF MONOTONE.

The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years.

In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up: it stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before mine eyes; there was silence, and I heard a voice saying, Shall mortal man be more just than God? shall a man be more pure than his Maker?

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I. — SELECTION
PROVE

NOYES'S V

in-strŭc'tion	strāigh
a-vŏĭd'	dĭl'i-g
rīght'eous	se-cūr
de-cēit'ful	op-prĕ

TAKE fast hold of instruction her, for she is thy life.

2. Enter not into the path of the the way of evil men; avoid it, pass it, and go away.

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4. Put away from thee a deceitful mouth, and far from thee perverse lips. Let thine eyes look forward, and thine eyelids be directed before thee. heed to the path of thy foot, and let all thy w straight. Turn not to the right hand or to the l move thy foot from evil.

5. He that works with a slack hand becomes but the hand of the diligent makes rich.

6. He that walks uprightly walks securely; h that perverts his ways shall be punished.

7. When pride comes, then comes disgrace; bu the humble is wisdom.

8. The merciful man does good to himself; bu cruel man torments his own flesh.

9. In the path of righteousness there is life; yea, i pathway there is no death.

10. He who oppresses the poor reproaches his M but he who has mercy on the poor honors him.

11. A soft answer turns away wrath; but harsh w stir up anger.

12. Better is a little, with the fear of Jehovah, much treasure, and trouble therewith.

13. Better is a dinner of herbs, where there is than the fatted ox, and hatred with it.

14. He who is slow to anger is better than the mig and he who rules his spirit, than he that takes a city.

15. A good name is rather to be chosen than g riches; and better is good-will than silver and gold.

16. He who loves purity of heart, grace is upon lips, and the king will be his friend.

Dawn. The first appearance of light; break of day.
Per-verse'. Obstinate.
Heed. Care; attention.
Slack. Slow; not diligent.
Up'right-ly. Honestly.
Per-verts'. Turns from the rig
Re-proach'es. Accuses; blame
Wrath. Anger; rage.
Cho'sen. Selected; preferred.

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thŏrnş	hўmn (h
frā′grant	tōad (tōd
swal′lōwed (swŏl′lōd)	griēve (g

THE rose is sweet, but it is
the lily of the valley is fra
amongst the brambles.

2. The spring is pleasant, but
mer is bright, but the winter des

3. The rainbow is very glorio
away; life is good, but is quickl

4. There is a land where th
where the flowers are not mixed

5. In that land there is etern
out any cloud.

6. The tree of life groweth in
of pleasures are there, and flowe

7. Myriads of happy spirits a
throne of God with a perpetual

8. The angels, with their g
continually; and the cherubin

9. This country is Heaven;
who are good, and nothing tha
there.

10. The toad must not spit
doves; or the poisonous hen
flowers.

11. Neither must any one th
good land.

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the heats of summer scorch us.

14. In that country there are no wars, or quar
all love one another with dear love.

15. When our parents and friends die, and are
the cold ground, we see them here no more; bu
we shall embrace them again, and live with them,
separated no more.

16. There we shall meet all good men whom
of in holy books.

17. There we shall see Abraham, the called
the father of the faithful; and Moses, after h
wanderings in the Arabian desert; and Elijah, the
of God; and Daniel, who escaped from the lions' d
there the son of Jesse, the shepherd king, the swee
of Israel.

18. They loved God on earth, they praised
earth; but in that country they will praise him
and love him more.

19. There we shall see Jesus, who is gone befo
that happy place; and there we shall behold the
God.

20. We cannot see him here, but we will l
here; we must be now on earth, but we will oft
on heaven.

21. That happy land is our home; we are to
but for a little while, and there forever, even for
eternal years.

E-ter'nal. Without beginning or end; endless.

Myr'i-ads. Great numbers.

Cher'u-bim. Angels next seraphim.

Ven'om. Poison.

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III.—AN EVENIN

BERNARD BAR

deign (dān) sŏl′ẹmn s
tâught scĕnt p

1. BEFORE I close my e
Lord, hear my ever
And deign a helpless child
With Thy protecting ca

2. Though young in years, I
Thy name to love and f
Of Thee to think with sole
Thy goodness to revere.

3. That goodness gives each s
Its scent and beauty toc
And feeds it in night's dar
With heaven's refreshin

4. Nor will Thy mercy less d
The infant's God to be,
Who, through the darknes
For safety trusts to The

5. The little birds that sing a
In many a leafy wood,
By Thee are clothed with
By Thee supplied with

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6. And when at night they c

7. Thus may'st Thou guard with gracious arm
The bed whereon I lie,
And keep a child from every harm
By Thy all-watchful eye.

8. For night and day to Thee are one;
The helpless are Thy care;
And for the sake of Thy dear Son,
Thou hear'st my childish prayer.

Deign. Think fit; condescend.
Re-vere'. To reverence.
Se-cure'. Free from danger;
Guard. Protect; defend.

IV. — STOP, STOP, PRETTY WATER.

pret'ty (prĭt-tę)
căr'ry
rŭn'ning
hëard (hërd)
bōat
could

1. "STOP, stop, pretty water!"
Said Mary, one day,
To a frolicsome brook,
That was running away.

2. "You run on so fast!
I wish you would stay;
My boat and my flowers
You will carry away.

3. "But I will run after:
Mother says that I may;
For I would know where
You are running away."

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4. So Mary ran on;
But I have heard say,
That she never could find
Where the brook ran away.

Frol'ic-some. Playful. | **Stay.** Wait; stop.

V. — MEG'S RACE FOR LIFE.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

prĕp-a-rā'tion	trăv'el-lĭng	en-dĕav'ored
strŭg'gle	at-tĕn'tion	ĭm-pŏs'si-ble
as-sĭst'ance	ŏc'cu-pănts	ex-hâust'ed
fierce	ĭr-re-sĭst-i-ble	re-liēf'

[Meg Howitt, whose escape from the burning forest is here told, was the daughter of a lumberman, and lived in the woods in northern Wisconsin, near the river of that name. Meg had been a cripple from her birth, had recently lost her mother, and was about ten years old at the time the fires broke out in the woods.]

PART I. — The Raft.

THE next day the wind blew almost a gale from the river, the smoke became more dense, and earnest preparations were begun for a fearful struggle for life. Provisions were placed in casks on the rafts. Articles which could not be removed were hastily buried, and, with their wives and children, the lumbermen betook themselves to the rafts as their only hope of safety.

2. Richard Howitt had been one of the first to place his little daughter in as comfortable a position as

sible on one of the rafts. He had then gone to the a
ance of others. He was the last to leave the shore
with his strong arm pushed the rafts out into the str

3. They were none too soon. The fierce roar of
devouring fire, travelling with fearful velocity, began
be heard in the distance. The women and children w
directed to lie down, and were covered with wet blank
while the experienced lumbermen took turns in prop
ling the four rafts which formed the convoy.

4. As the column of fire came steadily onward, the
was filled with blazing twigs and branches, borne by t
wind in advance of the conflagration. Only the m

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ore, and
stream.

ar of the
began to
dren were
blankets,
n propel-

serious injury to the occupants
last, blinded by smoke, and alm
Richard sat down for a moment's
his place.

5. "Meg, darling, come close t
Meg did not answer. "Meg, dear
loudly, and still no reply. "Can
Why don't she speak?" he exclai
the blanket he had spread over he

6. Meg was not there, and ha
they pushed off. She must be o
a sinking heart Richard sought
could not be found.

7. From the other rafts came
question, — Meg was not with th
dawned upon his mind with in
Meg, his darling and pride, had
he could not tell; he only knew
the raft.

8. In the wild frenzy of de
throw himself into the water, sw
his child. The men, who neede
rest, tried in vain to reason with
shore, escape was now impossible
all probability she had fallen un
into the water and been drowned.

9. Richard could not listen; bu
the violence of his grief, he fou
partial insensibility. Every nerv
move the heavy-laden rafts to a p

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11. It required a cool brain and steady eye
mine the course, to know just how near the s
fire it was safe to go, and on the other hand, how
might venture to trust themselves to the powe
swiftly moving river.

12. And now, while they are slowly driftin
sight, let us go back and look for the darling
than her father's home.

Raft. A frame or float made of timber.
Ve-loc'i-ty. Quick or rapid motion; speed.
Pro-pel'ling. Driving forward.
Con'voy. Attendance for defence; escort.
Con-fla-gra'tion. A great or general fire.
Craft. Small sea vessels.
Frail. Easily broken o
weak.
Con-vic'tion. The state
vinced.
Fren'zy. Madness; d
mind.
Ven'ture. Expose to ha
Drift'ing. Floating;
upon the water.

VI. — MEG'S RACE FOR LIFE.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

PART II. — Parting with her Pets.

ọ-bē'dị-ĕnce
cọm-mȧnd'
ĕf'fōrt
shăg'gy
stŏp'pịng
drŏpped
săd'
swĭn
wăg

AFTER Richard, with tender care, had, a
posed, secured Meg's safety, she had, in
to his command, waited in quietness while

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to deter-
hower of
far they
er of the

g out of
of more

r destroyed;

of being con-

listraction of

azard; risk.
driven along

s.

l'dleş
im'ming
g'on

as he sup-
n obedience

2. "Oh, Watch must come!" him behind. Come, Watch! W "Oh, do come!" But Watch post of observation.

3. "It is of no use to call th one of the men. "We are mor with streaming eyes, continued were too full of the one anxiou own lives to heed her.

4. "I must kiss him good-by sure father would let me; and K She can go in my pocket." M way along, until she stepped fron

5. Exhausted by the effort, s when Watch with one joyful b "O Watch, you dear old fellow! both arms around him, hid her and wept as if her little heart w

6. But Watch did not fancy not stand still, as was his wont, greeting, he kept bounding towa quick barks, and then coming ba to bid her follow him.

7. "Why won't you stand stil you one little moment? for ind that's a dear old fellow!" But, gave one bound toward the riv rific barking, running backward only to shake energetically the unconsciously dropped.

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9. Absorbed with her grief at parting with h
ite, she did not at first notice that the loud voice
to one and another were no longer heard, and
her ear caught the sound of paddles did the d
being left behind occur to her.

10. Making all haste, she reached the point v
had so rashly come ashore, to find herself inde
with no possible hope of escape from the fie
which awaited her.

11. At first she called with all her little
"Father! don't leave Meg!" She could only he
swimming in the water not far off, though she c
see him; but from out the cloud of smoke th
thick and heavy over the river came no answer
Meg's heart almost stopped beating as she thoug
horror of her situation.

12. Just then, finding his efforts to attract
quite useless, Watch came ashore and ran to
mistress for the caress he had so lately refuse
will go to mother's grave, Watch, and die togeth
exclaimed; and as fast as her exhausted streng
allow, she turned her steps back to the clearing.

13. Kitty met her on the way, and when Me
her on her arm purred contentedly as ever. Sti
on, her frightened squirrels came running to he
protection, and thus, with her little family of
rested her aching head on the grass-grown mou
marked the spot where her mother was laid.

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14. There she awaited the fearful, on-comin

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repeated her little prayer, and was just covering her face, that she might shut out the fearful vision she momentarily expected, when she heard Watch barking fiercely.

15. Before she could call, there was a quick step at her side, and she was caught up, squirrels, kitten, and all, in the strong arms of Uncle Ben Wade. "Why, Meg," he exclaimed, "how in the world did you come here?" In a few moments Meg had answered his question.

16. "I must try and save you, my poor child; quick! we have not a moment to lose!" and before Meg knew it she was seated on the floor of Uncle Ben's clumsy wagon, with Watch beside her, and Uncle Ben lashing his fleet horses into a gallop.

17. Watch, now that there was some prospect of Meg's being saved, composedly rested his head upon his fore-paws, with a conscious air of dignity. Meanwhile, Uncle Ben continued to urge on the horses, that indeed needed no urging, at a fearful rate over the rough forest roads, causing the wagon timbers to creak and crack, and almost snap.

18. Still that surging roar through the tree-tops, ever coming nearer and louder, sounded its fearful alarm in their ears.

Em-bar-ka'tion. The act of going or of putting on board a ship.
En-treat'ies. Earnest petitions; requests; prayers.
Limped. Walked lamely.
Greet'ing. Salutation at meeting.
Ter-rif'ic. Dreadful; fearful.
En-er-get'i-cal-ly. Vigorously.
Clear'ing. A tract of land from which the trees have been cleared off.
A-wait'ed. Waited for; looked for.
Pros'pect. A view of something distant; expectation.
Surg'ing. Rolling, as a billow.

In what State is the scene of this story laid? How did the people escape from the fire? Why did Meg leave the raft? How did Watch first try to save Meg's life? Where did Meg and her pets go? Who

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PART III. — THE ESCAPE.

ạp-plīed′	piērce	dẹ-lĭv′ẹr-ạ
vĭg′ọr	skĭl′fûl-ly	cọm-păr′ạ
rē′ạl-īze	ạf-fạirş′	ạr-rī′vạl
ör′dị-nạ-ry	prāi′rieş	ĕs-tị-mā′ti

"THE fire gains on us, Meg!" cried Uncl they reached the tall pine-tree that ma miles passed in this fearful race for life. "G go, Jeff!" he shouted, and applied with fresh stout oak sapling, to increase their speed.

2. The terrified horses seemed to realize tha no ordinary danger from which they were fl bent themselves nobly to their work. The smo and blinded Meg almost to the point of stra but Uncle Ben, a clear, cool, and steady seemed to pierce it with his eagle eye, and sk safely guided his horses over rickety log b stony ledges.

3. They had passed ten miles, and now the in showers. Meg tried to brush them awa dropped upon them in the wagon. She had al do to quiet Watch, whom the present state of making very uneasy. "We have scarcely a Meg," replied Uncle Ben, in answer to her in we will do what we can."

4. The next five miles of road Uncle Ben better, and beyond, the highway emerged fro

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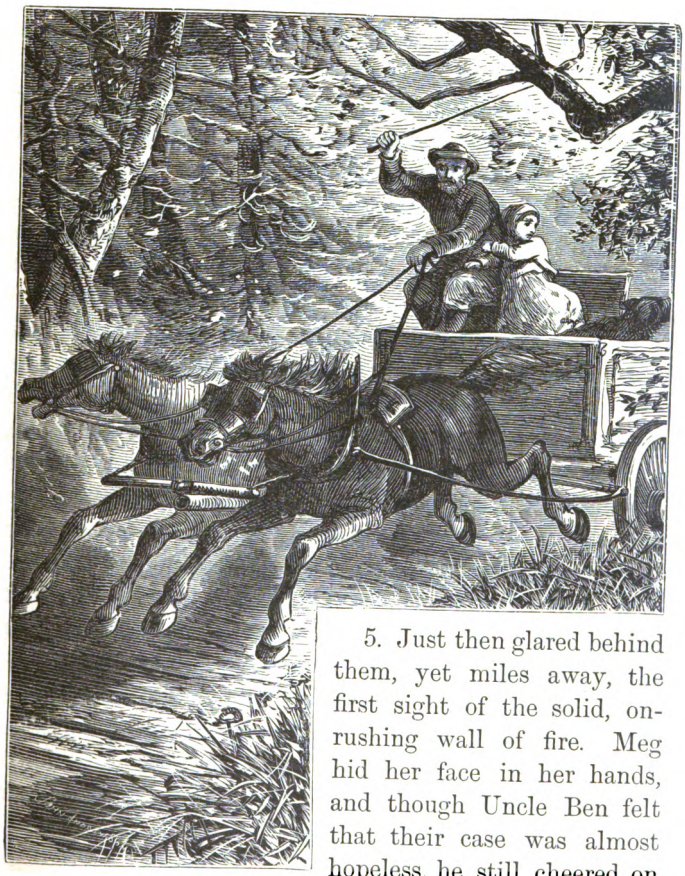
place where they could look for safety or help. But could they reach it? If they could but get out of these woods they might be saved, but the prospect seemed more than doubtful.



5. Just then glared behind them, yet miles away, the first sight of the solid, on-rushing wall of fire. Meg hid her face in her hands, and though Uncle Ben felt that their case was almost hopeless, he still cheered on his frantic horses, whose strength and energy were yet

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brush and stones and firebrands, now falling th
fast in the roadway, while the hot breath o
scorched Meg's flaxen curls and pallid cheeks.

6. "Lie down, Meg!" shouted Uncle Ben, cat
his hand a blazing branch that had threatened h
Meg obeyed. There was almost a halt, a sprin
flying through the air, a crash, and they were la
wagon, horses, Uncle Ben, and all — in the mi
ploughed field, while the grand column of flame s
on the other side through the forest.

7. "Bless the Lord, my child! we are saved
claimed Uncle Ben, and the strong man broke ou
flood of tears, while he gave thanks to Heaven f
wonderful deliverance.

8. The way was now comparatively easy, and
well. The noble horses, panting and foaming wi
exertions they had made, could not have travelled
farther. They were nearly stifled and blinded with
and covered with smarting burns, when they reach
haven of their hopes. This was a promontory ext
out into the river, on which was the thriving littl
of Millville, the trading point for all that lumber di

9. There they found the inhabitants using every
to save their homes from the flames. The dang
them had now passed, but they did not relax thei
lance, and were the more ready to give cordial aid an
cor to those who had been less fortunate than them

10. Uncle Ben was completely prostrated. One
and arm were covered with fearful burns, his whit
was singed completely from his head, and what h
come of his coat he never knew. By degrees he t
his strength returned, the fearful story of their e
Of the fleet of rafts, nothing had been seen; but the

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day a party of villagers went out to look for them, and, finding the fugitives, towed them safely to land.

12. The glad tidings of Meg's safety had preceded their arrival; but who can describe the unspeakable thanksgiving of Richard Howitt as he clasped in his arms the child that had thus been given back to him from so horrible a death?

12. Uncle Ben had informed him that, as he could not leave his own noble horses to certain death, he had decided to risk his chance with them in a race for life. Just as he was about to start on that fearful ride, Watch had caught and pulled him to the spot where he found his dear little Meg by her mother's grave.

13. Watch was not forgotten in the grateful thanksgiving. Thenceforth he became a hero, in his own estimation as well as in that of others. He was more than ever devoted to Meg, and could scarcely be induced to leave her side, as if fearful she might get into some fresh trouble, from which she would require his aid to extricate her.

14. Uncle Ben disclaimed all praise for what he had done, but Meg and her father felt that the most untiring devotion on their part could never repay their obligation to him.

15. In the more prosperous days that followed, Richard became to him as a son whose home was his; and the loving, glad-hearted little Meg was more than ever the joy of his heart and the light of his aged eyes.

Sap'ling. A young tree.
Stran-gu-la'tion. The state of being strangled or choked to death.
E-merged'. Came forth; issued.
Fran'tic. Furious; mad; fierce.
Pal'lid Pale.
Re-lax'. Abate; lessen.
Vig'i-lance. Watchfulness; constant care.
Suc'cor. Relief; assistance; help.
Pros'trat-ed. Exhausted; thrown down.

brĭt′tle	sŭd′den-ly	päth′
trăv′el-ler	rōll′ing	scärre
trŭdge	a-lärm′	sī′len

1. THE long grass, burned brown
In the summer's fierce heat,
Snaps brittle and dry
'Neath the traveller's feet,
As over the prairie,
Through all the long day,
His white, tent-like wagon
Moves slow on its way.

2. Safe and snug with the goods
Are the little ones stowed,
And the big boys trudge on
By the team in the road;
While his sweet, patient wife,
With the babe on her breast,
Sees their new home in fancy,
And longs for its rest.

3. But hark! in the distance
That dull, trampling tread;
And see how the sky
Has grown suddenly red!
What has lighted the west
At the hour of noon?

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And over the prairie
Come flying the dee
With hot, smoking ha
And eyes rolling ba
As if the fierce hunter
Were hard on their

5. The mother clasps clos
The babe on her arn
While the children cli
In wildest alarm ;
And the father speaks
As the red light mo
" We are lost ! we are
'T is the prairie on

6. The boys, terror-strick
Stand still, — all bu
He has seen in a mom
The thing to be don
He has lighted the gra
The quick flames le
And the pathway befo
Lies smoking and b

7. Now the fire-fiend behi
Rushes on in his po
But nothing is left
For his wrath to de
On the scarred, smoki
They stand safe, eve
While the flames in th

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To speak what they feel;
But the father in silence
Is blessing his boy,
While the mother and children
Are weeping for joy.

Brit'tle. Apt to break; easily broken.
Sud'den-ly. Without notice; unexpectedly.
Haunch'es. Thighs; nips.
A-larm'. Sudden terror
De-vour'. Eat up greedi
Rev'er-ent-ly. With a
ence.

IX. — SONG OF THE SPARROW

BOSTON JOURNAL.

spăr'rōw for-gŏt'ten p
crĭm'şon a-frāid' t

1. I AM only a little sparrow,
A bird of low degree;
My life is of little value,
But the dear Lord cares for me.

2. He gave me a coat of feathers;
It is very plain, I know,
With never a speck of crimson,
As it was not made for show.

3. But it keeps me warm in winter,
And it shields me from the rain;
Were it bordered in gold and purple,

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God gives me a sparrow
But never a seed to

5. If my meal is sometime
Close picking makes
I have always enough t
And "Life is more t

6. I know there are many
All over the world w
But our Heavenly Fath
When one of us falls

7. Though small, we are n
Though weak, we are
For we know that our
The life of the creatu

8. I fly through the thicke
I light on many a spr
I have no chart or comp
But I never lose my

9. And I fold my wings at
Wherever I happen t
For the Father is alway
That no harm may co

10. I am only a little sparro
A bird of low degree,
But I know the Father
Have you less faith th

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ly; consume.
awe or rever-

V.

pür'ple
twī'light

X. — FOUNTAIN OF THE SPARRO

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

fŏûn′tain (fŏûn′tĭn)	ạt-trăct′	ăd′mi
shăl′lōw	neigh′bọr (nā′)	ĕv′ị-d
mū′sị-cạl	ẹs-tăb′lịshed	strāig
hĭd′ẹ-oŭs	är′gụ-mĕnts	ĭn′vạ-

I SIT in the window, a
out on a little fo
The thing is not specially fine.
shells, lifted about three feet ab
ground, catch the little threads of water that sprin
the figure of a child just above them.

2. The overflow falls into a broad and shallow
on the level of the ground. In the daytime one ca
no sound of waters. At night, when all is still, a
air moist, a faint, musical trickling of water pleas
ear.

3. It is not the beauty of the figures that attrac
eye; or the play of water, which is, as a spectacle
insignificant; or the amusement which a neighbor's
girl takes in the matter, though that is pleasing.

4. It is the joy which all the European sparrows i

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neighborhood take in this fountain, that delights us. They have not the least doubt that it was established for them, or that it belongs to them. No doubt they frame arguments to that effect, from design and adaptation.

5. "For what but sparrow baths were these three shells placed here? They are too shallow for any other creature, and just deep enough for sparrows! The fine streams of water that play into them are not large enough for man or beast, and are most admirable for sprinkling birds. There is clear evidence that they were placed here expressly for us!"

6. But did you ever see a bird wash itself? First you see the vigorous little fellow glancing through the air. Then he alights on the edge of the lower tank, the bottom of which, fortunately, slopes at such an angle as to give very shallow water near the edges.

7. Then he takes a drink. He likes it so well that he takes another, hops a few steps, turns round, flies to the other side of the rim, and sips again.

8. Then he wades in half an inch deep; cocks his eye to see if man or cat is prowling near, or a cruel boy with wicked stick. No; all is safe. He drops his head, and by a jerking motion he catches upon his head and neck a spoonful of water, which he throws over on his back. The touch exhilarates him. He stoops, and, opening his breast feathers, he flirts the water all through them.

9. He ducks quite under, and emerges in such a way as to let the water flow down his back. He hops upon the rim, but has not quite satisfied himself, and turns back for another good splash. Who can describe that shiver which runs through his feathers as now he [illegible]

upon the edge of the fountain and whirls off the moisture from his whole body!

10. But it is too public to make his toilet h flies towards the trees in the street, but is ter the iron fence, as a half-way house. He turn once or twice, straightens out one or two feath then springs off into the air. He then betakes h a shelter in the tree, and plumes himself with t which every bird carries in his mouth.

11. It pays one a hundred fold to prepare a lit tain for the birds. If one has an eye for such th may sit for hours at the window, especially if the sultry, or himself an invalid, and find charming in the bath of birds.

Spe'cial-ly. Particularly; chiefly.
Spec'ta-cle. Show; exhibition; sight.
In-sig-nif'i-cant. Of little account or consequence; trifling.
Frame. Construct; make; form.
Ad-ap-ta'tion. Suitableness; fitness.
Ex-hil'a-rates. Cheers; enlivens.
Prowl'ing. Roving about ing for prey.
Sul'try. Hot and close; damp.
Pas'time. Amusement; ment; sport.

XI. — MAKE YOUR OWN SUNSHINE

sănd'wịch-eṣ (sănd'wịdj-ẹṣ)	neẅṣ'pa-per	buĭ
thrōugh	cŭt'ting	sīgn
läugh'ing	plĕaṣ'ant	chē

"O DEAR, it always does rain when I want anywhere!" cried little Jennie Moore. too bad; now I must stay in-doors, and I know I have a wretched day."

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ere. He
npted by
s around
hers, and
himself to
the comb

ittle foun-
things, he
the day be
ng pastime

out; wander-

se; warm and

nt; entertain-

INE.

built
sign
cheer'ful

want to go
"It 's

have a bad day, unless you choos

3. "How can I help it? I w
and hear the band, and take Fid
and have a good time, and pul
sandwiches under the trees; and
to be any sunshine at all; and
here and see it rain, and see the
back all day."

4. "Well, let 's make a little su

5. "Make sunshine!" said Je
talk!" And she smiled through h
a sunshine factory, have you?"

6. "I 'm going to start one r
partner," replied Uncle John.
these rules for making sunshine
what might have been if the
second, see how many things t
and, lastly, do all that you can
happy."

7. "I 'll try the last thing fi
work to amuse her little brother
By the time she had him ridin
she was laughing too.

8. "Well done!" said Uncle Jo
sunshine-maker, for you have abo
hold just now. But let 's try w
second rule."

9. "But I have n't anything t
dolls are old, and my picture-boo

10. "Hold!" said Uncle John
paper. Now let 's get some fun

12. But Uncle John showed her how to mal by cutting holes in the paper, and how to cu family of paper dolls, and how to make pretty t Willie out of the paper. Then he brought out tray and showed her how to roll a marble round

13. And so she found many a pleasant am and when bedtime came she kissed Uncle John, "Good night, dear Uncle John."

14. "Good night, little sunshine-maker," saic John.

15. And she dreamed that night that Uncle J built a great house, and put a sign over the doo read —

SUNSHINE FACTORY.
UNCLE JOHN AND LITTLE JENNY.

16. She made Uncle John laugh when she to her dream; but she never forgot, what you must r ber, — "A cheerful heart makes its own sunshine."

Choose. Prefer; pick out.
Part'ner. An associate in business; a sharer.
A-muse'ment. Sport; recr
Cheer'ful. Having good spi mated; lively.

XII. — THE LORD'S PRAYER.

glō'rĭ-oŭs fọr-gĭve' cọm-păs'sio
ọ-bey' fọr-sāke' prọ-tĕc'tio

1. FATHER, adored in worlds above,
Thy glorious name be hallowed still;
Thy kingdom come in truth and love;
And earth, like heaven, obey thy will.

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Forgive the sins whic
In thy compassion let us
As fellow-men of ours

3. Evils beset us every hou
Thy kind protection v
Thine is the kingdom, t
The glory thine forev

Hal'lowed. Made holy; reverenced as holy. | **Be-s** **Im-p**

XIII.—THE LITTLE MAIDE BIRD.

L. MARIA CHI

chĕr'ries mĕr'ry

1. "LITTLE bird! little
I have a green cag
Beauty-bright flowers I 'll
And fresh, ripe cherries, al

2. "Thanks, little maiden, fo
But I love dearly the clear
And my snug little nest in
"Little bird! little bird!

3. "Nay, little damsel! away
To greener fields and warm
When spring returns with

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4. "Little bird! little bird! who 'll guide the
Over the hills and over the sea?
Foolish one! come in the house to stay,
For I 'm very sure you 'll lose your way."

5. "Ah no, little maiden! God guides me
Over the hills, and over the sea;
I will be free as the rushing air,
And sing of sunshine everywhere."

Dear'ly. With great fondness or affection. | **Guide.** Direct or lead in a

XIV. — THE LITTLE REBELS.

JUVENILE MISCELLANY.

A DRAMA.

neigh'bor (nā'bŭr)	ap-prōach'es	com-plā
re-bĕl'lion	rĕb'els	of-fĕnd'

SCENE I. — *A crowd of boys on Boston Common, assembled rou skating-pond.*

GEORGE. Here it is again, boys. The ice is all in by the redcoats. We shall have no fun to-day.

JAMES. I wish we were not boys. If I we enough to carry a sword and a musket, I would them out of the land faster than neighbor Tuft's do went out of father's store.

GEORGE. And what if we are boys? I, for one no mind to bear this treatment any longer.

ALL. Right, George, right.

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GEORGE. I'll tell you. For
with drum and fife and colors, v
at his tent, and tell him we
British soldiers, or any other s

ALL. Hurra! hurra! hurra!
again the whole Common rings with) H

SCENE II. — GENERAL HOWE'S *Hea*
before the tent, with a gun over his
fife at a distance.

SENTINEL. What in the name
Are they up in arms again, in
troop of a hundred boys, as I
on their flag, and no sign of the
land is full of rebellion! It is fu

The boys halt in front of the tent, and
his hand, approaches t

GEORGE. Is General Howe at
SENTINEL. Who are you?
GEORGE. We are Boston boys
SENTINEL. And what do you
GEORGE. We come for our
speak to the British general.
SENTINEL. The British genera
listening to a parcel of ragamuf
do none of your messages.
GEORGE. As you please, sir!
see General Howe. We *will* see
justice.
ALL. Hurra! hurra! hurra!
SENTINEL. That, you little ra

making all this fuss about the dirty little pond
Common, that does n't, at the best, hold water en
fill a sizable Dutch milkpan.

ALL. Cowards, do you call us? say it again if yo

GENERAL HOWE *and one of his aids step out.*

GENERAL. What is the matter here? Why
disturbance?

GEORGE. General Howe, we come to complain
insults and the outrages of your soldiers. They
our kite-strings, ruin our skating-pond, and ste
drums from us. We have spoken more than once
purpose; and now we have come to say that we
and we will not endure it any longer.

GENERAL (*aside to his aid*). Good Heavens! libe
in the very air, and the boys breathe it. (*To th*
Go, my brave lads; you have the word of General
that your sports shall never be disturbed again w
punishment to the offender. Does that satisfy you

GEORGE. Yes, General Howe; and in the name
company I present you thanks.

GENERAL. No thanks. You are brave boys, yo
English boys; I see plainly you are English boys.

ALL. No, sir; Yankees, — Yankees! Hurra! hu

The drum strikes up, and the little band march off with flying

Red'coats. English soldiers.
Sen'ti-nel. A soldier on guard.
Pur'pose. End; effect.
Dis-turb'ance. Disorder; c
tion.
Sat'is-fy. To please fully; to c

Who was General Howe? When did the incident here related ha
Why did the sentinel call the boys rebels? Of what did the boys
plain? What was General Howe's reply to them? Were they p
to be called English boys? Why not?

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XV. — THE CHILI

MATTHEW BRO

beaū′ṭi-fûl wŏn′dẹr-

1. GREAT, wide, beautiful, With the wonderful wa

It walks on the water, and whirls the hills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

3. You, friendly earth! how far do you go
With the wheat-fields that nod and the rivers th
With cities and gardens, and cliffs and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

4. Ah! you are so great, and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, World, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers, to-day,
A whisper within me seemed to say,

5. "You are more than the Earth,
Though you are such a dot:
You can love and think,
And the Earth cannot!"

Curled. Twisted; waved.
Whirls. Turns; moves.
Cliffs. Steep, overhanging rocks.
Isles. Islands.
Seemed. Appeared.

XVI. — THE WATER-LILY.

AN ALLEGORY.

fā′vọr-ĭte ręvēaled′ cēa
em′i-nĕnce aṣ-sō-ci-ā′tiọnṣ cŏn

THE children had gathered around their gra
chair, ready for his promised story of t
Lily. As soon as they had nestled into the

and when I am through, you sh

2. In a pool, not far from the taken up its abode. Its roots w bottom of the pool, and, being gain some eminence, it thus sol

3. "Here I am in this dirty treated by these mean little down with all their force, and, only treat me in a worse man my displeasure.

4. "What is the use of striv never rise to be of any value, a beauty it will never be revealed

5. "Oh, not so!" cried the say so! You have a work to d with unpleasant associations. proud of you yet!"

6. The water-lily remained s and then, wondering that suc seemed so insignificant, could well, replied: "I will ponder v shall know of my success."

7. Weeks passed by, when, o the water-lily shook out her g waxen leaves to the sun, and, t at her side, who was smiling sw beauty and my success must all following your advice, I have and pushed my way through t until now I bathe in the sunshi

nat flow,

ēase
ŏn'science
randfather's

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you promised, and how it applies to me.

9. "I struggle and attempt to rise to some deg perfection, and oftentimes I think I will cease fr labors and, like the water-lily, give up all attempts the little voice of conscience whispers words of go vice in my ears, and I start again on the hard journe the counsels of my friends to help me. And when have finished my school-life, then also, like the wat I shall feel grateful to the voice which encouraged gain the height which I shall then have reached."

10. Her grandfather smiled as he took the littl in his own, and said: "Yes, children, Alice is righ do you all keep in mind the lines of the poet wh says, —

"'If what shines afar so grand,
Turns to nothing in thy hand,
On again! the virtue lies
In the struggle, not the prize!'"

A-bode'. Dwelling.
So-lil'o-quized. Talked to itself.
Re-mon'strate. Oppose earnestly.
In-sig-nif'i-cant. Unimportant.
Pon'der. Think upon; consider.
At-trib'ut-ed. Ascribed; i
Ob'sta-cles. Things that hindrances.
Coun'sels. Advice; direct

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as the
story

ree of
m my
But
od ad-
y with
I shall
er-lily,
l me to

e hand
t; and
here he

imputed.
t hinder;

ion.

XVII.—ALL THINGS

C. F. ALEXANDER

crēat′ure̤s tī′ny

1. ALL things bright
All creatures gr
All things wise and wo
The Lord God made

2. Each little flower that
Each little bird that
He made their glowing
He made their tiny

3. The purple-headed mou
The river, running b
The morning, and the
That lighteth up the

4. The tall trees in the gr
The pleasant summe
The ripe fruits in the g
He made them every

5. He gave us eyes to see
And lips that we mi
How great is God Alm
Who hath made all

Glow′ing. Bright; brilliant. | **Ti′ny.**

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XVIII. — SNAP'S REVENGE.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

bu-reau′ (bū-rō′)	höwl	sō′ci-a-bl
hĕalth′y	griēve	ŭn-ū′şu-a
re-märk′a-ble	al-löw′	sŭd′den-l
nâugh′ty	ŏb′sti-nate	ex-cla-mā
mĕl′an-chŏl-y	be-liēved′	troŭb′led

ONCE there lived a happy little family, com
mamma, papa, Lulu, and Snap. Lulu was a lit
and Snap was her dog. Snap was a very wonderfu
he could mind, and he could disobey; he could unde
all that was said to him, and he could perform tri
the score.

2. Snap was a very little dog; he had long,
yellow hair, in which he took delight; he had soft,
ears, of which he was very fond; and, above all, h
a beautiful bushy tail, which was his great and e
pride.

3. Lulu also had six dolls, which were all of a si
they all resembled one another. Every night, with
assistance, the six dolls were all undressed. Do y
how Snap helped? I will tell you.

4. As fast as Lulu took off the clothes she woul
them and hand them to Snap, who, taking them
mouth, would run to the little doll bureau, and,
opening the drawer with his teeth, would place eac
garment very neatly and carefully inside.

5. When all was ready, the six dolls were set u
long row, for Lulu did not think it healthy for them
to bed. Every morning Snap would bring the clot

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head cocked on one side, watching
expression, as each little article w

6. When the six dolls were a
show his delight by the most viol
Thus you see Snap was quite a
But although he was generally so
could be very naughty. And n
duty to tell how Snap's tail was
of the little family for a time des

7. One day Lulu was going s
wish to take Snap. When he beg
the room, she turned and said, "S
me to-day." Upon hearing this
self down on the floor, and, liftin
the air, he uttered a most melanc

8. "Stop that noise, Snap!"
this minute!" she added, stampin
of doing as he was told, Snap onl
more dismal than before.

9. "You are a naughty, naught
you well! You shall be locked
back!" As Lulu said this she ru
Snap had no intention of staying
A dog so smart as he to be lock
So he, too, started for the door.

10. There was just one thing
of. For the first time in his life
tail; so, although he got the who
outside, his tail was left behind, an
closed upon it with a fearful bang

11. Snap yelled with rage and p

with Lulu's help carried the little dog into a room what could be done.

12. They tried all they could think of, but Sna grew worse, and the next day papa decided that th bruised tail must be cut off. Little Lulu felt dre about it, and all the more so, because she saw tha cherished very hard feelings toward her.

13. In course of time Snap got well, but I grieve that he was even worse behaved than before. Like human beings, he had failed to profit by the misf which his naughtiness had brought upon him.

14. No longer would he allow Lulu to pet hi longer was he her companion; and no more were t dolls assisted by him to robe and unrobe. Poor many were the tears she shed, but Snap was obstina

15. One night the six dolls were set up as usua row, in their white nightgowns; but in the morni Lulu's amazement, one was missing. She hunte house over, but no trace of the doll was to be seen night, still wondering, she undressed and set up th maining five.

16. Morning dawned, and discovered four dolls s up stiff and white, but one was not. Still more perp Lulu questioned papa, mamma, and all the servant no one had touched the dolls. The next mornin three were to be seen.

17. This was too much for Lulu's tender heart burst into tears, and when at night she undresse remaining children, she begged them, with many not to die, for she firmly believed that her lost had died, and departed from earth.

18. Alas! morning came, but the dolls had all vani I will not try to tell you about Lulu's grief; her

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were too many to be counted. A whole week passed, with no news from the dolls.

19. Meanwhile Snap's conduct began to change. He became more sociable, and would have allowed Lulu to pet him had she cared to do so; but at the same time there was a certain sheepishness about his manner which was very unusual.

20. One morning, just a week after the loss of her children, Lulu arose, and suddenly uttered a cry of mingled joy and horror at the sight which met her astonished eyes. There sat the six dolls in their long, trailing nightgowns, but white no longer. Shocking to relate, they were covered with mud from head to foot.

21. Lulu's exclamations brought mamma to the spot, and as she opened the door in crept Snap. He ran to Lulu and cast himself on his back at her feet, just as he had often done when he wished to beg for mercy. Mamma could not help laughing, it was so funny.

22. Advising Lulu to forgive Snap, she promised to explain it all. This Lulu was quite ready to do, she was so delighted by her children's return, and petted Snap to his unbounded delight, and then ran to mamma to hear how it all came about.

23. Mamma told her that when the first doll was missed she and papa had suspected Snap. They rose very early the next morning to watch him. Looking out of the window, just as the day was beginning to dawn, they saw the little fellow come out of the house with a doll in his mouth.

24. Trotting swiftly along, he cast the poor thing into a large mud-puddle in the back part of the yard. The next morning he did the same with another; and the next, he carried out three dolls, one at a time.

25. Evidently the little dog's conscience had t
him; for at the end of a week he fished them all
reset them just as they were when he carried them

26. Of course the dolls were spoilt; but papa
that all right by buying six new ones; and aft
Snap assisted the little mother as gravely and duti
before, in her morning and evening care of her cl
and once more there lived a happy little family.

Thus ended Snap's first and last revenge.

Com-pris'ing. Containing; including.
Es-pe'cial. Particular; chief.
In-ten'tion. Design; purpose.
Cher'ished. Supported; encouraged.
A-maze'ment. Wonder; astonishment.
Per-plexed'. Puzzled; bew
disturbed.
Van'ished. Disappeared;
away.
Sheep'ish-ness. Bashfulnes
Ev'i-dent-ly. Apparently;

XIX. — LITTLE THINGS.

stĭtch cŏr'ạl cọn-cēived' pā'tiẹnt-ly ạ-chiēve dẹ-cēit'

1. ONE step and then another,
And the longest walk is ended;
One stitch and then another,
And the largest rent is mended;
One brick upon another,
And the highest wall is made;
One flake upon another,
And the deepest snow is laid.

2. So the little coral workers,
By their slow but constant motion,

ut, and
off.
made
ter this
fully as
hildren,

ewildered;

d; passed

ness.
y; certainly.

ēved′
it′

And the noblest undertal
Man's wisdom hath co
By oft-repeated effort
Have been patiently a

3. A little, — 't is a little w
But much may in it d
Then let a warning voice
And learn the lesson w
The way to ruin thus beg
Down, down like easy
If conscience suffers little
Soon larger ones it bea

4. A little theft, a small dec
Too often leads to mor
'T is hard at first, but ter
As through an open do
Just as the broadest river
From small and distan
The greatest crimes that
Have grown from littl

Con'stant. Perpetual; steady.
A-chieved'. Performed; accomplished.

Con-c
Suf'fe
Crime

What things are done little by little? W

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răg′ged blăck′bĕr-ry dĕ-lā
bĕg′gar in-ĭ′tial (in-ĭsh′ăl) cŏn-f
sŭ′măchs (shū′măks) frĕs′cōs trĭ′ŭ

1. STILL sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow
And blackberry vines are running.

2. Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial;

3. The charcoal frescos on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

4. Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window-panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

5. It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

6. For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled;

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Where pride and shame w

7. Pushing with restless feet th
To right and left, he linge
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fi

8. He saw her lift her eyes; he
The soft hands' light care
And heard the tremble of he
As if a fault confessing.

9. "I 'm sorry that I spelt the
I hate to go above you,
Because," — the brown eyes
"Because, you see, I love

10. Still memory to a gray-haire
That sweet child face is sh
Dear girl! the grasses on he
Have forty years been gro

11. He lives to learn, in life's ha
How few who pass above
Lament their triumph and h
Like her, — because they

Su'machs. Trees or shrubs used in medicine, dyeing, and tanning.

Of-fi'cial. Authoritative; done by virtue of office.

Warp'ing. Contracting; twisting out of a straight direction.

Bat'ter

In-i'tia

Fres'co

Sin'gle

La-men

ẹn-tăn′gleḍ	dĭf′fi-cŭl-ty	dĭf′f
nŏn′sĕnse	dẹ-cīd′ing	dis-p
sē′ri-oŭs	fā′vọr	lŏdg

[This lesson is from a book called "Dialogues for the A and Instruction of Young Persons," by Jacob Abbott. Carroll are brothers. Timboo, a youth from one of the Islands, is a domestic; but, being good-natured and int much liked by the boys, and has a great deal of influ them.]

TIMBOO, OSCAR, CARROLL.

Enter OSCAR *and* CARROLL, *bringing a kite and twine. broken up, and the twine and tail are all tangled tog boys both speak together.*

OSCAR. Just see, Timboo! See how Ca tangled up my twine!

CARROLL. See, Timboo! Just see how broken up my kite!

TIMBOO *raises his finger, and the boys suddenly s*

TIMBOO. Wait a moment. You did n't sta together. If you want both to speak at once, start exactly together. Get all ready, both o when I say, one, two, three, *begin;* then both once telling the story, and talking as loud and you can.

CARROLL (*vexed*). Nonsense, Timboo! Yo making fun of us, and you 're *always* making But this is really a serious difficulty, and we w settle it.

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CARROLL. Why, I 'll tell you.

OSCAR. No, I 'll tell you.

TIMBOO. You see there is no way of deciding who shall tell the story. Then, besides, I don't believe that either of you is *capable* of telling the story.

CARROLL. Why not?

TIMBOO. Because whichever of you undertakes to tell it, he will tell only what is in his own favor. He will keep back and hide all that is in favor of the other. That is the way that boys always do.

CARROLL. No; I won't do so. Let me tell the story, and I 'll tell it perfectly fair.

TIMBOO. Very well. I 'll let you try on this condition: for everything that you keep back, which is in Oscar's favor, and against yourself, you shall be punished.

CARROLL. What will be the punishment?

TIMBOO. Whatever I think best. It will be some good sharp punishment, you may depend. It will make you smart well. So you had better look out, and be honest.

CARROLL. Well, I 'll tell the story just as it really was. I won't omit anything at all. You see — (*he talks very slowly and earnestly*) — you see, Oscar wanted to go and fly my kite, — no, we both wanted to go, and — so — and so — I lent Oscar the kite and we went. Well, we went up the hill, and Oscar took the string to run with the kite, and — and — when he was running, the kite was going against the tree, — and I told him to stop and he would n't, and so the kite got entangled, and now it 's broken to pieces.

OSCAR. And my twine is all tangled up.

CARROLL. But your twine can be untangled again; but my kite is spoiled, and can never be made good again.

OSCAR. No; I don't think it is.

TIMBOO. Very well. Tell me what he has which would have been against himself and in you while I get my black elastic punisher ready.

TIMBOO *takes out of his pocket a small piece of whalebone inches long.*

CARROLL. What is that?

TIMBOO. This is what I am going to punish y for your omissions.

CARROLL. O Timboo! How are you going to me with it?

TIMBOO. I 'm going to snap you with it on th of your head.

CARROLL. O Timboo, that will hurt!

TIMBOO. Of course it will. I mean it to hurt. sort of a punishment would it be that would no Now let us hear, Oscar. What is it that he has or

OSCAR. First, he said that he lent me his kite don't think that was exactly right. He agreed to the kite, and I was to put in the twine; and so w going to fly the kite together.

TIMBOO. Was that so, Carroll?

CARROLL. Yes; but that 's the same thing.

TIMBOO. Not at all. You represented it as if y simply lent him your kite as a favor to him fro You kept back the fact that at the same time he le his twine, which made it a very different affair. S round your head. You must have three smart sn that.

CARCOLL. Why, where are you going to snap me

TIMBOO. Right on the back of your head.

CARROLL. O Timboo! Well, don't snap hard.

times. CARROLL *starts and jumps a*
capering about as if in pain. OSCAR

CARROLL (*with his hand on the back*
that is too hard.

TIMBOO. Not a bit. It takes v
the spirit of unfairness out of a
dispute between himself and ot
what else is there that he omitted

OSCAR. He did not say it was
hill, where the trees were, whe
the field. I told him that the k
the trees.

TIMBOO. Was that so, Carroll?

CARROLL. Why — yes.

TIMBOO. Then hold round your

CARROLL. No.

TIMBOO. Yes.

CARROLL. No; you 've snapped

TIMBOO. Then you break you
agreement, and now you break it
smart. (TIMBOO *snaps his knee w*
That 's the value that Carroll se

CARROLL. Well, snap away; I '

CARROLL *turns, and* TIMBOO *snaps him*
cuts a caper, and pretends to be in great

TIMBOO. Now, Oscar, go on. W

OSCAR. When the kite began
he called out to me, first, to run a
when he found that the kite wou
told me to stop; and I did stop as

TIMBOO. O Carroll, that is the

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caper about.

TIMBOO. Well, if you forgive him, I must let I suppose. But it is bad for him. It is very bad for him. The truth is, that telling one-sided s such an inveterate vice in boys, that it takes a g of smart snapping to get it out of them. Howeve say you forgive him, that is the end of the matte may as well put the whalebone away.

OSCAR. And what are we to do with our twine?

TIMBOO. O, there will be no trouble about that the kite, just as it is, and lay it in my lodge; evening I will take it to the kitchen, and we tangle the twine, and make a new kite, and a well. Only I really don't think that Carroll punished half enough; and the next time yo him telling his stories all one-sided again, just done now.

Ex-act'ly. Accurately; precisely.
Ca'pa-ble. Qualified for; able.
Un'der-takes. Attempts; takes in hand.
State'ment. Act of stating; recital.
O-mit'ted. Left out; not mentioned.
A-gree'ment. Bargain;
In-vet'er-ate. Old; long confirmed in any habit
Lodge. A small house itation in a park or for

What mistakes did Carroll make in telling the story? In were these mistakes? What did Timboo mean by "one-sid What did Timboo propose that they should do with the kite

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XXII. — OLD-FASHIONED FLOWERS.

ETHEL LYNN.

cŏl′o͝r	măr′i̤-gōld	cā′lyx
măl′a̤-ehīte	pĕt′a̤ls	mŏd′e̤rn

1. WHERE are the sweet old-fashioned posies,
Quaint in form and bright in hue,
Such as grandma gave her lovers,
When she walked the garden through?

2. Lavender, with spikes of azure,
Pointing to the dome on high,
Telling thus whence came its color,
Thanking with its breath the sky.

3. Four-o'clock, with heart unfolding,
When the loving sun had gone,
Streak and stain of running crimson,
Like the light of early dawn.

4. Regal lilies, many-petaled,
Like the curling drifts of snow,
With their crown of golden anthers
Poised on malachite below.

5. Morning-glories, tents of purple
Stretched on tents of creamy white,
Folding up their satin curtains
Inward through the dewy night.

6. Marigold, with coat of velvet,
Streaked with gold and yellow lace,
With its love for summer sunlight
Written on its honest face.

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7. Dainty pink, with feathered petals,
Tinted, curled, and deeply frayed,
With its calyx heart, half broken,
On its leaves uplifted laid.

8. Can't you see them in the garden
Now, where grandma takes her nap,
And cherry blooms shake softly over
Silver hair and snowy cap?

9. Will the modern florist's triumph
Look so fair or smell so sweet,
As those dear old-fashioned posies,
Blooming round our grandma's feet?

Re'gal. Royal; kingly.
An'thers. Little hollow cases or bodies borne on the top of filaments, filled with powdery matter called pollen.
Poised. Balanced.
Mal'a-chite. A mineral, ei or blue, found with coppe
Pet'als. Flower-leaves.
Ca'lyx. Flower cup; oute of the blossom.
Flo'rist. One who cultivat

XXIII. — THE CATBIRD.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

PART I.

fạ-mĭl'iạr
whĭs'tle
prĭv'i-lĕĝed
a'mi-ạ-ble
ạp-prē'ci-āte
dẹ-pärt'ụre
ăs-cẹr-tāin'ing
vĭs'it-ọr
ạc-quāi
lăd'dẹr
ĕggs
prĕs'ẹn

WHO does not love birds? Who does not when they leave us in autumn, with the days of summer, and who does not welcome the

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winter wanderings in the sunnier
enjoyed the familiar song of th
whistle of our robin, when, in
once more to tell us that winter
coming?

2. Who has not learned to lov
ping Sparrow, as he picks up the
who has failed to admire the b
Oriole, as he weaves over our hea
nest, so safe from snakes or pro
not any of our young folks who
namesake, if they are privileged
sky of the country in the bright
summer.

3. Among the many feathered
to us in spring, to make their hom
months of summer, there is one
a great favorite with all. He is
dressed from head to tail in dark
does not always appear to be ami
you impose upon him he will scol
manner.

4. Yet when you appreciate al
cannot fail to be a favorite. He
wonderful mimic, and a confiding
when you treat him well. He be
company if you deserve it, watch
and kills the insects that would i
their fruit.

5. If now and then he helps

greedy. Ten to one he takes them only for his
little children. Let us, then, bid him take them
let us ever extend to him a warm and hearty gre
Let us give our confiding, social little friend a we
all the more cordial because he has the great misf
of a bad name.

6. Because he is called a catbird, he is not so p
as he should be. He is disliked by ignorant peopl
do not appreciate his good qualities. He is too
persecuted by thoughtless boys and ungrateful men
unmindful of the good he is ever doing in the world
him for no good reason, are deaf to his varied son
heed not his affectionate disposition or his many
virtues.

7. The catbird is found, in certain seasons, al
North America, from Florida to Canada, and fro
Atlantic coast to the Pacific Ocean. He makes h
appearance in spring about the time the pear-tre
in blossom, or from the 5th to the 15th of May
leaves us in the early autumn, towards the latter
September.

8. From his first coming almost to his depart
makes the air about him vocal with his quaint and
ing melodies. These are made all the more att
to us by being so amusingly interspersed with
mimicking the songs of other birds. Whether
or copied, his song is always varied, attractiv
beautiful.

9. The catbird is never long in ascertaining wh
is a welcome visitor, and there he at once makes h
perfectly at home. You may see him at all times,
is ever in motion. As soon as he satisfies himse
you are his friend, he will approach you with a fam

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that is quite irresistible. He seems to wish to attract your attention by his great variety of positions, attitudes, and musical efforts. No musical young lady was ever more ambitious of entertaining an audience, however small and select, than is our slate-colored songster.

10. He will come down, in the excitement of his musical ardor, to the lowest bough, within a few feet of your head, and devote himself to your entertainment so long as you honor him with your attention.

11. A few years since a pair of catbirds ventured to make their home in our garden, where they secreted their nest in a corner hidden by vines and low bushes. They were at first shy and retiring. Later in the season, when they had become better acquainted with the children, they built a second nest nearer to the house, in a more open place, on the bough of an apple-tree.

12. Having no time to lose, it was constructed in haste, of the bleached leaves and stalks of weeds that had been pulled and left to dry in the sun. It was, of course, soon discovered, and the busy movements of the birds watched by the children with great delight. At last the finishing touches had been given to the lining by the mother-bird.

13. The nest was about ten feet from the ground, and the little folks could reach it only by means of a ladder. When only the children visited and admired this new home the parent birds looked on with no complaint, but with apparent complacency. Though rough and coarse on the outside, it was neatly and prettily lined with fine black roots.

14. If any one ventured too near, the birds were nervous and restless, and showed their uneasiness by their harsh cry of "P-ā-y, p-ā-y!" But soon this passed away. The gentle and loving interest of the child

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of little Charlie, with his frequent contributions o
seemed to be appreciated. The birds became very
and familiar, permitting frequent visits to thei
even when their young were ready to fly, withou
ing any complaint, or once uttering their peculiar
cry of alarm.

15. The next season our catbirds, to the great
cation of the younger portion of the family, bu
nest in a climbing rose-bush immediately under
the chamber-windows. It was completed and t
were nearly hatched before we had moved to our
quarters.

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16. The father-bird seemed to welcome our coming with his best melodies, and the mother showed her confidence by her constant presence on the nest, undisturbed by the opening of the window, or by curious but kind and loving faces within a few inches of her treasures. She soon ceased even to leave her nest when Lucy or Charlie, or even their little cousins, ventured to take a look at her.

Som'bre. Dusky; gloomy.
Im-pose'. Deceive; mislead.
Mim'ic. A ludicrous imitator.
Con-fid'ing. Having confidence; trusting.
Vo'cal. Having a voice.
Quaint. Strange; odd; unusual.
In-ter-spersed'. Scattered among.
Se-cret'ed. Hid; concealed.
Com-pla'cen-cy. Satisfaction; pleasure.

XXIV. — THE CATBIRD.

PART II.

ŏc'cu-pĭed	scēne	de-cēive'
re-câlled'	ē'qualled	sëarch
per-mĭs'sion	spăn'iel (spăn'yĕl)	chēat
căr'ried	ac-cŏm'pa-ny-ing	an-nöy'ance
slĭp'ping	ex-ăct'ness	sym'pa-thīz-ing

THE next season their nest was repaired, and it was again occupied with a brood of four young birds before the family returned. It was interesting to watch the old birds feeding the greedy little fellows, who were just out of their shells. Our gentle, loving little Charlie — two months later so mysteriously recalled to the bosom of Him who had given him — delighted to lean over the window-sill and watch the parent birds. Their

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confidence in the little fellow were quite as rema
as his patient interest in their movements.

2. One day the parents were missing. What ha
pened to them we never knew; but they were gone
hours, and we feared they had been killed. The c
were in great distress. And when the hot sun
down on the unprotected and naked bodies of th
birds, and it was feared they would die, permissi
sought to feed them. Suitable food was given
hungry little fledglings, who eagerly devoured it,
to the joy of all, the mother-bird appeared.

3. Such a rejoicing as there was on all sides! Th
dren in the house and the children in the nest were e
delighted. The latter for a while kept up an earnest
chattering with their mother, telling her — so Lu
sisted — the whole story of their distress, loneline
hunger, and of the kind and loving little hands th
fed them with so much care and such affectionate in

4. Our little feathered family soon removed to th
den, where they carried with them their remembra
their friends in the house. They were tame and fa
and wherever the earth was dug over, they would
around us with the fearlessness of little chickens, k
about our feet, perching on the hoe-handle when dr
from our hand, and slipping quietly off when it w
taken.

5. But clouds gathered over the happy scene.
bright little spirit whose gentleness and loving
and goodness had won for him all hearts, in one
week passed from the enjoyments of earth to a hea
home. His sister, spared to us, but still suffering
the same epidemic, came back again, the following s
to find that our catbirds had for a third time reconst

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their nest, only to be destroyed by a neighbor's cat. Though the garden is filled with their descendants, none of them have equalled their parents in their confiding and trustful disposition.

6. We have missed their welcome in May, when we have revisited our country home; for no spaniel ever manifested more joy to greet its master than our catbird did on the last spring he was with us. He would fly back and forth, overhead, alight on the ground, just a few steps in front, wherever we moved, accompanying our steps, and evincing his apparent desire to greet us by his outpouring of song and by his antic movements.

7. The power of mimicry of the catbird, though limited, is often very striking and entertaining. He is very far from being the equal of the mocking-bird. The more difficult notes he cannot successfully imitate, and when he tries he ludicrously fails.

8. But the whistle of the common quail, the clucking of a hen calling her brood, the cries of young chickens for their mother's aid, the notes of the pewee, and the refrain of the towhee, he will repeat with perfect exactness, so as to deceive even the birds themselves.

9. We were once crossing a swampy thicket, when the sound of "Bob-white!" so like the cry of a quail, caused a useless search for that bird. It ended in our espying the author in a catbird snugly hid away, and apparently enjoying the cheat. At another time we have known the catbird call off a brood of young chickens, greatly to the annoyance of the old hen.

10. To its own family the catbird is devoted and constant in its care and attentions. To each other it is affectionate, kind, and sympathizing in time of trouble;

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known to bring up another brood, not its own, t
been taken from their mother's nest and placed n
of its kind friend.

11. We hope we have said enough of the good q
of our favorite bird to teach our young folks to trea
loving, confiding creatures with kindness, and to c
their good-will. They deserve your good-will, a
will repay with their charming songs, and their
charming and affectionate confidence, your kind
ment of them.

Re-paired'. Mended; refitted.
In-sist'ed. Persisted in; urged.
Ep-i-dem'ic. A disease which attacks many persons at the same time.
Dis-po-si'tion. Temper, character, or frame of mind.
E-vin'cing. Showing clearly; manifesting.
An'tic. Odd; grotesque; ridiculous.
Lu'di-crous-ly. In a manner to excite laughter.
Lim'it-ed. Having bounds
Pe'wee. The name of a New bird that comes early in sp
Re-frain'. The burden of a that part of a song that is at the end of every stanza.
To-whee'. A familiar bird, on account of its notes.
Es-py'ing. Seeing things tance.
Con'stant. Unchanging; fa true in affection.

XXV.—THE BLUEBIRD.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

swĭng'ing	thrōat	wēa'ry
drēar'y	mĕr'ry	mĕs'sa̤ge
chēēr'y	blŏs'so̤ms	dăf'fo̤-dĭls

1. I KNOW the song that the bluebird is singing,
Out in the apple-tree where he is swinging.
Brave little fellow! the skies may be dreary,—
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

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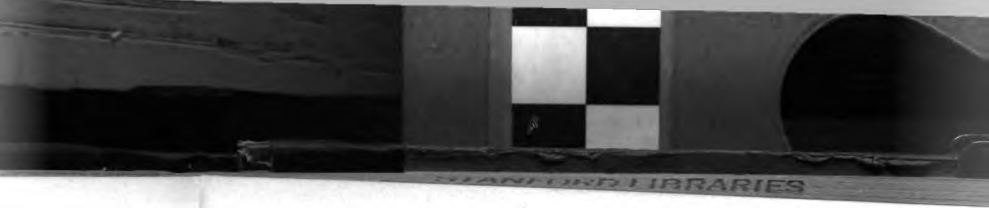
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2. Hark! how the music leaps out from his throat!
Hark! was there ever so merry a note?
Listen awhile, and you 'll hear what he 's saying,
Up in the apple-tree swinging and swaying.

3. Dear little blossoms down under the snow,
You must be weary of winter, I know;
Hark! while I sing you a message of cheer,
Summer is coming, and spring-time is here.

4. Little white snow-drop, I pray you arise!
Bright yellow crocus, come, open your eyes!
Sweet little violets, hid from the cold,
Put on your mantles of purple and gold!

Daffodils! daffodils! say, do you hear? —
Summer is coming, and spring-time is here.

Lis'ten. Hearken; give ear.
Cheer. Cheerfulness; gayety.
A-while'. For a time; some time.
A-rise'. Get up; appear.

XXVI. — LITTLE BY LITTLE.

mŏss'y hĭd'den gāy'ly
im-prôv'ing sĭpped vërd'ure

1. "LITTLE by little," an acorn said,
As it slowly sank in its mossy bed,
"I am improving every day,
Hidden deep in the earth away."

2. Little by little each day it grew;
Little by little it sipped the dew;
Downward it sent out a thread-like

And the slender branches spread far and wide,
Till the mighty oak is the forest's pride.

4. Far down in the depths of the dark blue sea
The coral-worms work ceaselessly;
Grain by grain, they are building well,
Each one alone in its little cell.

5. Moment by moment, and day by day,
Never stopping to rest or to play,
Rocks upon rocks they are rearing high,
Till the top looks out on the sunny sky.

6. The gentle wind and the balmy air,
Little by little, bring verdure there;
Till the summer sunbeams gayly smile
On the buds and flowers of the coral isle.

Train. An orderly company.
Cease'less-ly. Perpetually; without stopping.
Rear'ing. Raising up.
Verd'ure. Green; the gree freshness of grass.

XXVII. — ASLEEP AT HIS POST.

PART I.

cọn-dĕmned′ (kọn-dĕmd′)	eigh′tēēn (ā′tēn)	mĕs′saġ
ạd-min′is-tẹr	sôôth′ing-ly	bẹ-trāy′
cŏn-sō-lā′tion	cọr-rĕct′ing	cŏm′rād
prĕ′cious (prĕsh′ụs)	ạs-tŏn′ish-mĕnt	rĕv′ẹr-ẹ

MR. OWEN, a worthy farmer in Vermont, ga eldest son, Benjamin, to the Federal cause, late fearful struggle. One day a message arrived

condemned to be shot.

2. The terrible news spread in the
minister, Mr. Allen, came at once to s
sible to administer consolation to the

3. "O sir," cried the sorrowing ol
precious, noble boy! I thought whe
country, that not a father in all thi
precious a gift, — no, not one.

4. "God forgive me if my grief is a
dear boy only slept a minute, just on
post. I know that was all, for Be
duty. How prompt and reliable h
Owen's eyes wandered over the bro
plexed and wandering look.

5. "I know he only fell off one l
so young, and not strong, — that boy
was as tall as I, and only eighteen
shoot him, because he was found asle

6. Mr. Owen repeated these word
endeavoring to find out their true me

7. "Twenty-four hours the telegra
four hours. Where is Ben now?"

8. "We will hope with his Heave
Allen, soothingly.

9. "Yes, yes; let us hope. God
Ben was so good, — I do not mean
recting himself sharply; "there is no
but Jesus died for sinners. Mr. Alle
Bennie! Bennie!"

10. The mother raised herself as
called, and, turning, said with a smile

not been herself, since. It is a merciful thing s
stunned, it seems to me. She makes no wails."

12. Mr. Allen looked in astonishment at the bowed
as he now came and stood before him. A few hou
done the work of years. The sinewy frame was tott
the eyes were dimmed, and the sudden sorrow had w
itself in deep wrinkles over his manly face. "God
mercy on you; He is trying you in a furnace seven
heated!" he exclaimed, almost involuntarily.

13. The daughter, a fair young girl, had sat near
listening with blanched cheeks. She had not shed
that day; and her pale cheeks alone betrayed a gr
still that no one noticed it. She had occupied h
mechanically in household duties. Now she answ
gentle tap at the kitchen door, opening it to receive
a neighbor's hand a letter. "It is from *him*," was
said.

14. It was like a message from the dead. Mr.
took the letter, but his trembling hands could not o
He held it towards Mr. Allen, with the helplessnes
child.

15. The minister opened it, and, obedient to a
from the father, read as follows:—

16. "DEAR FATHER: When this reaches you
be in eternity. At first it seemed awful to me, bu
the thought has no terrors. They say they will no
me or blind me, but that I may meet my death like
I thought, father, it might have been on the battl
for my country, and that when I fell it would be f
gloriously; but to be shot down like a dog for

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wonder the very thought does not kill me! But I shall not disgrace *you*. I will write you all about it, and when I am gone you may tell my comrades. I can't now.

17. "You know I promised James Carr's mother I would look after her boy, and when he fell sick I did all I could for him. He was not strong when he was ordered back into the ranks, and the day before *that* night I carried all his luggage, beside my own, on our march. Toward night we went in on a double-quick, and the luggage began to feel very heavy. Everybody else was tired too; and as for James, if I had not lent him an arm now and then, he would have dropped by the way. I was all tired out when I went into camp, and then it was his turn to be sentry, and I would take his place; but I was too tired, father. I could not have kept awake if I had had a gun at my head. But I did not know it until — well, it was too late!"

18. "God be thanked!" interrupted Mr. Owen, reverently. "I knew my son was not the boy to sleep carelessly at his post!"

19. "They tell me to-day that I have a short reprieve given to me by circumstances, — time to write to you, our good colonel says. Forgive him, father: he only does his duty; he would gladly save me if he could. And don't lay my death against James. The poor boy is broken-hearted, and does nothing but beg and entreat them to let him die in my stead.

20. "I can't bear to think of mother and Mary. Comfort them, father. Tell them that I die as a brave boy should, and that when the war is over they will not be ashamed of me, as they must be now. God help me! it is very hard to bear. Good by, father. God seems very

21. A great sob burst from Mr. Owen's heart. "A
he said, solemnly.

22. "To-night, in the early twilight, I shall see th
all coming home from pasture, — Daisy, and Brind
Bet; old Billy, too, will neigh from his stall, an
little Mary stand waiting for me; but I shall never
come. God bless you all. Forgive your poor son B

Prompt. Quick; ready.
Re-li'a-ble. Trustworthy.
Sin'ew-y. Strong; powerful.
In-vol'un-ta-ri-ly. Not by will or choice.
Sen'try. A soldier on guard; a sentinel.
Re-prieve'. A temporary su of the execution of a sen death.
Blanched. Whitened; blea
Stead. Place which anothe might have.

XXVIII. — ASLEEP AT HIS POST.

PART II.

lăn'tẹrn ạn-nöûnce'mẹnt shōul'
sūit'ạ-ble nĕg'lị-gĕnce dịs-pă
cŏm'pạ-ny grāve'ly ạp-prŏ
ịm-pör'tạnt ọf-fĕnce' ŭn-tĭl

LATE that night the door opened softly, and a figure glided out and down the footpath that the road by the mill. She seemed rather flying than ing, turning her head neither to the right nor to th starting as the full moon cast strange, fantastic sh all around her; looking only now and then to heave folding her hands, as if in prayer.

2. Two hours later the same young girl stood Mill Depot, watching the coming of the night train the conductor, as he reached down to lift her in, wo

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the dim lantern he held in his hand.

3. A few questions and ready answ
no father could have cared more tend
than he did for our Mary.

4. She was on her way to Washing
Lincoln for her brother's life. She ha
ing only a note to tell her father whe
gone. She had brought her brother's
good, kind heart like the President's
melted at it.

5. The next morning they reached
conductor found suitable company fo
her on to Washington. Every minut
age in her brother's life.

6. And so, in an incredibly short ti
capital, and was hurried at once to the
President had just seated himself to
overlooking and signing important pa
one word of announcement, the door
Mary, with eyes cast down and folded
him.

7. "Well, my child," he said, in
tones, "what do you want so brigh
morning?"

8. "Bennie's life, please, sir," she fa

9. "Bennie? Who is Bennie?"

10. "My brother, sir. They are go
sleeping at his post."

11. "O yes." And Mr. Lincoln ran
pers before him. "I remember. It wa

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12. "So my father said," replied Mary, gravel
poor Ben was so tired, sir, and James was ver
He did the work of two, and it was James's ni
his. But James was too tired; and Ben never
about himself, that he also was too tired."

13. "What is this you say, my child? Come
don't understand." And the kind man caught ea
ever at what seemed to be a justification of an of

14. Mary went to him; he put his hand tend
her shoulder, and turned up the pale, serious face
his. How tall he seemed! and he was Presiden
United States, too. A dim thought of this kind
for a moment through Mary's mind; but she t
story in a simple and straightforward manner, and
Mr. Lincoln her brother's letter to read.

15. He read it carefully; then, taking up his pen
a few hasty lines, and rang the bell. Mary hea
order given: "Send this dispatch at once!"

16. The President then turned to the little g
said: "Go home, my child, and tell that father o
who could approve his country's sentence, even v
took the life of a child like that, that Abraham
thinks the life far too precious to be lost. Go b
wait until to-morrow. Your brother will need
after he has so bravely faced death. Wait, and h
go with you."

17. "God bless you, sir!" said Mary; and who
doubt that God heard and registered her prayer?

18. Two days after this interview the young
came to the White House with his sister. He was
into the President's private room. Mr. Lincoln too
by the hand, and, with all the tenderness of his grea
heart, he said, "My boy, you have done well.

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lad so noble as to carry a sick comra
ready to die for the good act without

19. Then the brother and sister to
Green Mountain home, and a crowd
Depot to welcome them back. Farm
ered above them all as his hand gra
and Mr. Allen heard him say, ferve
are thy ways, thou King of saints!"

Fan-tas'tic. Fanciful; imaginary.
In-cred'i-bly. In a manner not to be believed.
Fal'tered. Hesitated in the utterance of words.
Cul'pa-ble. Deserving blame.
Jus-ti-fi- ing; de
Straight course
Reg'is-te

XXIX. — THE FIR-

cŏm'rādeş	re-tāined'
cŏt'tage	con-sĭd'er-a-bly
mag-nĭf'i-cĕnt	splĕn'dor
rĕc'og-nīzed	a-wāit'
drăgged	mĭd'dle

OUT in the woods stood a nice
place he had was a very good
on him; as to fresh air, there was
round him grew many large-sized co
as firs. But the little fir wanted
grown-up tree.

2. He did not think of the warm s
air; he did not care for the little cott

3. At the end of a year he had shot up a good dea
after another year he was again much taller; for
fir-trees one can always tell by the shoots how
years old they are.

4. "O, were I but such a high tree as the others
sighed he. "Then I should be able to spread ou
branches, and with the tops to look into the wide w
Then would the birds build nests among my bran
and when there was a breeze, I could bend with as
stateliness as the others!"

5. Neither the sunbeams, nor the birds, nor th
clouds which, morning and evening, sailed above
gave the little tree any pleasure.

6. In autumn the wood-cutters always came and
some of the largest trees. This happened every yea
the young fir-tree, that had now grown to a very
size, trembled at the sight; for the magnificent grea
fell to the earth with noise and cracking, the br
were lopped off, and the trees looked long and bare
were hardly to be recognized; and then they were
carts, and the horses dragged them out of the wood

7. Where did they go to? What became of the

8. When Christmas came, quite young trees w
down, — trees which often were not even so large o
same age as this fir-tree, who could never rest, but
wanted to be off. These young trees — and they w
ways the finest-looking — retained their branches
were laid on carts, and the horses drew them out
wood.

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branches? Whither are they taken

10. "We know! we know!" c
"We have peeped in at the windo
We know whither they are taken!
and the greatest magnificence one ca
We peeped through the windows, a
in the middle of the warm room, and
most splendid things, — with gilde
bread, with toys, and many hundred

11. "And then?" asked the fir-t
bough. "And then? What happe

12. "We did not see anything m
tiful."

13. "I would fain know if I am
a career!" cried the tree, rejoicing.

14. "How I wish Christmas were
tall, and my branches spread like
carried off last year. Oh! were I b
Were I in the warm room with all
nificence! Yes; then something
grander, will surely follow; or wher
ornament me? Something better, s
must follow, — but what? Oh! ho
I do not myself know what is the

15. "Rejoice in our presence!"
Sunlight; "rejoice in thy own fresh

16. But the tree did not rejoice
grew, and was green both winter
who saw him said, "What a fine

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earth with a sigh; he felt a pang,— it was like a swoon he could not think of happiness, for he was sorrowful a being separated from his home, — from the place wher he had sprung up. He well knew that he should neve see his dear old comrades, the little bushes and flower around him, any more; perhaps not even the birds!

17. The tree came to himself only when he was un loaded in a courtyard with the other trees, and heard a man say, "That one is splendid! we don't want the others." Then two servants in rich livery came and carried the fir-tree into a large and splendid drawing-room.

18. What was to happen? The servants, as well as the young ladies, decorated it. On one branch there hung little nets cut out of colored paper, and each net was filled with sugar-plums; and among the other boughs gilded apples and walnuts were suspended, looking as though they had grown there; and little blue tapers and white ones were placed among the leaves.

19. Dolls, that looked for all the world like men, — the tree had never beheld such before, — were seen among the foliage; and at the very top a large star of gold tinsel was fixed. It was really splendid beyond description.

20. "This evening!" said they all, "how it will shine this evening!"

21. "Oh!" thought the tree, "if the evening were but come! If the tapers were but lighted! And then I wonder what will happen! Perhaps the other trees from the forest will come to look at me; perhaps the sparrows will beat against the window-panes! I wonder if I shall take root here, and, winter and summer, stand covered with ornaments!"

22. The candles were now lighted. What brightness! What splendor! The tree trembled so in every bough

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23. "Help! help!" cried the yo
quickly put out the fire.

24. Now the tree did not even da
a state he was in! He was so unea
something of his splendor that he
amidst the glare and brightness;
folding-doors opened, and a troop of
if they would upset the tree. The
quietly; the little ones stood quite
for a moment; then they shouted so
re-echoed with their rejoicing; the
tree, and one present after the other

25. "What are they about?" tho
is to happen now?" And the li
the very branches, and as they bu
put out one after the other; and t
permission to plunder the tree. So
such violence that all its branches
not been fixed firmly, it would ce
down.

26. The children danced about
playthings; no one looked at the
nurse, who peeped between the bran
to see if there was a fig or an appl
forgotten.

27. In the morning the servant
came in.

28. "Now the splendor will begi
fir. But they dragged him out of
stairs into the loft, and here, in a

29. "'T is over, 't is past!" said the poor tree. "Had I but been content when I had reason to be so! But now it is past, it is past!"

Prat'tled. Talked childishly; chatted.
State'li-ness. Grandeur; pomp; majesty.
Lopped. Cut off.
Peeped. Looked slyly.
A-wait'. Wait for; expect.
Fain. Glad; pleased.
Liv'er-y. A uniform or dress worn by servants.
Dec'o-rat-ed. Adorned; ornamented; beautified.
Sus-pend'ed. Hung.

Why was the fir-tree discontented? What was done to many trees in autumn? For what purpose was the fir-tree cut down? Tell how the tree was decorated. What was done with it the next morning? What lesson does the story of the fir-tree teach?

XXX. — THE BLACKBIRD.

MRS. CRAIK.

glŏs'sy	pā'tience	gāy'ly
pre-fĕrred'	quar'rel (kwŏr'rĕl)	re-plīed'

1. A SLENDER young Blackbird built in a thorn-tree:
A spruce little fellow as ever could be;
His bill was so yellow, his feathers so black,
So long was his tail, and so glossy his back,
That good Mrs. B., who sat hatching her eggs,
And only just left them to stretch her poor legs,
And pick for a minute the worm she preferred,
Thought there never was seen such a beautiful bird.

2. And such a kind husband! how early and late
He would sit at the top of the old garden gate,
And sing, just as merry as if it were June,
Being ne'er out of patience, or temper, or tune.

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They seem to do nothing but quarre
And wrangle and jangle, and plunde
Sit, honest and safe, in our pretty th

3. "O dear Mrs. Blackbird," in turn wa
"How happy we are in our humble t
How gayly we live, living honest an
How sweet are the May blossoms ov
"And then our dear children," the m
As she nestled them close to her war
And with a soft twitter of drowsy co
In the quiet May moonlight to sleep

Slen'der. Thin; small; slight.
Spruce. Nice; neat without elegance; tidy.
Rooks. Birds allied to the crow.
Wran'gle Plun'der. thief. War'bled

XXXI. — CHRISTI

HARRIET E. PRESCOT

shĕp'herds (-erds) com-mand

1. OVER the hills of Palestin
The silver stars began to
Night drew her shadows softly
The slumbering earth, without

2. Among the fields and dewy ro
The shepherds kept their quiet
And looked along the darkeni
That waited the Divine comm

3. When lo! through all the ope

And angels in a solemn light
Praised God to all the listening night.

4. Ah! said the lowly shepherds then,
The Seraph sang good-will to men:
O hasten, earth, to meet the morn,
The Prince, the Prince of Peace is born!

5. Again the sky was deep and dark,
Each star relumed its silver spark,
The dreaming land in silence lay,
And waited for the dawning day.

6. But in a stable low and rude,
Where white-horned, mild-eyed oxen stood,
The gates of heaven were still displayed,
For Christ was in the manger laid.

Low'ly. Humble; meek.
Re-lumed'. Lighted anew; rekindled.
Dis-played'. Exhibited; shown.
Man'ger. A trough in which cattle are fed.

XXXII. — BRAVE WOMEN.

HOFFMAN.

sĕt'tlẹrs	găr'rị-sọn	bẹ-siēġed'
rĕf'ūġe	rẹ-liēf'	dẹ-vīsed'
ạl-līed'	ạt-tăck'	ạp-pâll'ing
dĕs'pẹr-ạte	siēġe	ĭn-ĕv'ị-tạ-ble

UPON the banks of a river in the State of Kentucky there was once a fort to which the settlers frequently resorted as a place of refuge from the savages. Its gallant defence by a handful of pioneers against the allied Indians of Ohio, led by two renegade white men, was one of the most desperate affairs in the Indian wars of the West.

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2. The pioneers had not the slightest idea of their approach, when, in a moment, a thousand rifles gleamed in the cornfields one summer night! That very evening the garrison had chanced to gather under arms, to march to the relief of another station that was similarly invested. They were therefore unexpectedly prepared for the attack.

3. The Indians saw at a glance that the moment was not favorable to them; and, having failed to surprise the garrison, they attempted to decoy them from the fastness by presenting themselves in small parties before it. The whites were too wise to risk a battle till help should arrive, so they resolved to stand a siege.

4. But the fort, which was merely a collection of log cabins, arranged in a hollow square, was unhappily not supplied with water; and the besieged were aware that the enemy had placed his real force in ambush near a neighboring spring.

5. The women of the station determined to supply it with water from this very spring. But how? Woman's wit never devised a bolder plan and woman's courage never carried into successful execution one more dangerous.

6. These brave women, being in the habit of fetching the water every morning, saw that if armed men were now to take that duty upon them, the Indians would perceive that their ambuscade had been discovered, and would instantly commence the assault.

7. Morning came, and the random shots of the decoy-party were returned with a quick fire from one side of the fort, while the women issued from the other, as if they expected no enemy in that quarter.

8. Could anything be more appalling than the task before them? But they shrink not from it; they move care-

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lessly from the gate; they advance with composure in a body to the spring; they are within shot of five hundred warriors; the slightest alarm will betray them.

9. If they show that they are aware of their thrilling situation, their doom is inevitable. But their nerves do not shrink; they wait calmly for one another, till each in succession fills her bucket.

10. The Indians are completely deceived, and not a shot is fired. The band of heroines retrace their steps with steady feet; their movements soon become more agitated, and are at last hurried. But tradition says that the only water spilt was as their buckets crowded together in passing the gate.

11. A sheet of living fire from the garrison, and the shrieks of the wounded Indians around the spring, at once proclaimed the safety of the women and the triumph of the white men. Insane with wrath to be thus outwitted, the foe rushed from his covert, and advanced with fury upon the rifles of the pioneers.

12. But who could conquer the fathers and brothers of such women? The Indians renewed the attack again and again; but they were foiled every time, and at last withdrew their forces.

Pi-o-neers'. Those who go before to prepare the way for others; *here* first settlers.
Al-lied'. United by kindred, friendship, or mutual interest.
Ren'e-gade. A deserter.
De-coy'. Entice; tempt; attract.
Am-bus-cade'. A secret station in which men lie to surprise others.
Ran'dom. Done by chance; heedless.
Ap-pall'ing. Frightening; terrifying.
Tra-di'tion. The delivery of facts to posterity by oral report, not in writing.
Out-wit'ted. Overcame by stratagem.
Cov'ert. Shelter; hiding-place.
Foiled. Defeated; baffled.

Where was the fort, and who attacked it? Describe the fort. Why did the women resolve to bring the water from the spring? What great danger was there? Were they successful? What was the result of the attack?

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XXXIII. — A NEW APPLICATION OF AN OLD RULE.

ăm-mụ-nĭ′tiọn	pĕn′ạl-tiẹş	ū′şạge
cọm-plēte′	dẹ-vōûr′	dẹ-fĕnce′
ạs-sūme′	ạp-plȳ′ing	dĕc-lạ-rā′tiọn

Enter GEORGE *with a shot-gun in his hand.*

GEORGE. Not a very good day's sport. For six hours or more have I tramped over hills and through hollows, and have succeeded in killing this (*produces a small dead bird from his game-bag*), — not enough for a cup of soup. I wonder where all the birds have gone to.

Enter JAMES.

JAMES. Ah, back again, George? What luck?

GEORGE. Only this and nothing more.

JAMES. Let me see. You have now spent three days of this week gunning, and have killed, I believe, three quail, one rabbit, and an owl.

GEORGE. And this. (*Holding out the bird.*)

JAMES. And that, — a wren. Three whole days of weary tramping, of torn clothes, and of wet feet, wasting about two dollars' worth of ammunition, and for what?

GEORGE. Why, for sport, of course!

JAMES. Sport! Indeed? Have you enjoyed it then?

GEORGE. I can't say I have, seeing I have had poor luck. Somebody has killed all the game.

JAMES. And you would assist that somebody to complete the murder of birds and small animals until not one remains, and the woods and fields are as silent as a desert?

GEORGE. I 'd have my day's sport, now and then.

JAMES. *Sport*, indeed? I suppose, then, when the birds

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are all gone, you 'll assert your right to invade barnyards, and shoot all the fowls there; for, you see, you must do as others do, — must go gunning, and have the sport of killing helpless things.

GEORGE. Oh! don't talk nonsense! Are not birds to be shot?

JAMES. The world, apparently, has said yes. The result will be that all the beautiful denizens of the fields and forests, which God made for useful purposes, and which have their right to life, are being so rapidly destroyed that even George, the hunter, is able to find only one poor wren in a whole day's search!

GEORGE. Well, and what of it?

JAMES. This: that you, and all like you who assume a right to kill birds and small animals, are doing a sad and wicked work. Already you have driven away everything like "game"; and in a few years more, even the robins and larks will have perished before your ruthless and useless slaughter. You and others like you are doing a work for which you will be ashamed if you ever learn the truth that God gave birds a *right* to life. Only when they are *needed* for the sustenance of man has he a right to kill them for food. To kill them for "sport," as you call it, is simply criminal and should be punished by heavy fines and penalties. That would be justice, in the true sense of the word at least.

Enter ELSIE.

ELSIE. O dear! O dear! It 's gone — killed — eaten up! O dear! O dear! (*Wringing her hands.*)

GEORGE. What is the matter, Elsie? What is gone?

ELSIE. My dear, dear bird, — my canary that you gave me.

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GEORGE. You don't say so! How sorry I am!

JAMES. What killed it, Elsie?

ELSIE. The cat!

GEORGE. How cruel! how wicked! I 'll shoot her.

JAMES. For what?

GEORGE. Why, for killing the bird.

JAMES. For killing *one* bird? What should be done with you, who have killed so many birds, — all as beautiful as the canary?

GEORGE. Why, I am not a cat!

JAMES. No; but you are far more responsible than a cat, that is governed only by its instinct, and kills a bird for food, not for sport. The cat, indeed, should not be punished for such an act any more than an insane man should be punished for murder; in both cases both creatures are *irresponsible.* But *you* are not. You are in your right mind, and are not excusable when you do a cruel deed.

GEORGE. Well, this is being decidedly personal.

JAMES. It is simply calling things by their right names. Here, Elsie, is what George has spent a whole day to accomplish. (*Giving her the dead wren.*) What shall we do with him for depriving this poor little bird of life?

ELSIE. Naughty, naughty George! And you killed this sweet, pretty bird? I 'll not speak to you again for a week. You and Kitty are two bird-murderers, and should be shut up in the cellar together.

[*Exit, bearing away the bird.*

GEORGE. What a great fuss about a bird!

JAMES. Fuss? Why should you not apply the same rule to yourself that you would apply to the cat? The equity of the case is against you, George. You arrogate the right to kill, yet deny that right even to a cat!

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The law of usage is your only excuse, and it is a very poor defence at best; it is one law for the rich and powerful and another for the poor and weak. You should be too just to use it.

GEORGE. Your logic is very good, James; but I *would* like to shoot that cat, for — for —

JAMES. For doing just what you have done so many times.

GEORGE. Well, I 'll — I 'll —

JAMES. What?

GEORGE. I think I shall have to own that I have been in the wrong, and promise never to shoot again in mere sport.

JAMES. All right, my boy! Then Elsie and I will forgive you; but mind: no mental reservations about that cat, or —

GEORGE. Or what?

JAMES. Why, a *cat*-astrophe will be *sure* to follow.

[*Exeunt.*

Den'i-zens. Citizens or inhabitants; dwellers.
As-sume'. Take; take unjustly.
Sus'te-nance. Support; that which sustains life.
Ir're-spon'si-ble. Not accountable; not liable to give account.
Ar'ro-gate. Claim proudly; make unjust pretensions to.
Eq'ui-ty. Natural justice; right.
U'sage. Practice long continued; custom.
Am-mu-ni'tion. Gunpowder; balls; shells; etc.
Log'ic. The science and art of reasoning.
Men'tal Res-er-va'tion. A deceitful withholding of some essential part of the truth of a statement or promise.

Do you think it is right to kill birds merely for pleasure? Why is the cat less to be blamed than the sportsman?

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XXXIV. — THE WILD VIOLET.

MISS H. F. GOULD.

vī′o̤-lĕt	yiēld	ā′zu̇re
beaū′ti̤-fûl	ăc′ci̤-dĕnt	cŏr′o̤-nĕt

1. VIOLET, violet, sparkling with dew,
Down in the meadow-land wild where you grew,
How did you come by the beautiful blue
With which your soft petals unfold?
And how do you hold up your tender young head,
When rude, sweeping winds rush along o'er your bed,
And dark, gloomy clouds, ranging over you, shed
Their waters so heavy and cold?

2. No one has nursed you or watched you an hour,
Or found you a place in the garden or bower;
And no one can yield me so lovely a flower
As here I have found at my feet.
Speak, my sweet violet! answer and tell
How you have grown up and flourished so well,
And look so contented where lowly you dwell,
And we thus by accident meet!

3. "The same careful hand," the violet said,
"That holds up the firmament, holds up my head;
And He who with azure the skies overspread
Has painted the violet blue.
He sprinkles the stars out above me by night,
And sends down the sunbeams at morning with light,
To make my new coronet sparkling and bright,
When formed of a drop of his dew.

4. "I 've naught to fear from the black, heavy cloud,
Or the breath of the tempest that comes strong and loud,

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Where, born in the lowland, and far from the crowd,
I know and I live but for One.
He soon forms a mantle about me to cast,
Of long, silken grass, till the rain and the blast,
And all that seemed threatening, have harmlessly passed
As the clouds scud before the warm sun!"

Con-tent'ed. Satisfied; not demanding more.
Low'ly. Humbly; modestly.
Fir'ma-ment. The heavens; sky.
Naught. Nothing.
Scud. Flee; run away with speed.

XXXV.—THE RESCUE.

Fĕb'ru-a-ry	sür'face	in-crēas'ing
ăn'chor	läunched	möĭst'ure
re-lēf'	pre-cēd'ing	pär'tial-ly
dis-tĭnct'ly	sēized	ad-vĕnt'ure

IT was in the month of February, 1831, a bright moonlight night and intensely cold, that the little brig I commanded lay quietly at her anchor inside of the bay.

2. We had a hard time of it, beating about for eleven days off this coast, with cutting northeasters blowing, and snow and sleet falling for the greater part of the time.

3. Forward, the vessel was thickly coated with ice, and it was hard work to handle her. When at length we made the port, all hands were worn down, and we could not have held out two days longer without relief.

4. "A bitter cold night, Mr. Larkin," I said to my mate, as I tarried for a moment on deck to finish my cigar.

5. "It 's a whistler, Captain, as we used to say on the

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Kennebec. Nothing lives comfortably out of blankets on such a night as this."

6. "The tide is running out swift and strong; it will be well to keep a sharp lookout for this floating ice, Mr. Larkin."

7. "Ay, ay, sir," said the mate, and I went below.

8. Two hours afterwards I was aroused from a sound sleep by the vigilant officer.

9. "Excuse me for disturbing you, Captain," said he, "but I wish you would turn out and come on deck as soon as possible."

10. "Why, what 's the matter, Mr. Larkin?"

11. "Why, sir, I have been watching a cake of ice that swept by at a little distance, a moment ago. I saw something on it that I thought moved. The moon is under a cloud, and I could not see distinctly; but I do believe there 's a child floating out to sea on that cake of ice."

12. We were on deck before either spoke another word. The mate pointed out, with no little difficulty, the cake of ice, and its white surface was broken by a black spot. More I could not make out.

13. "Get me a glass, Mr. Larkin; the moon will be out of that cloud in a moment, and then we can see distinctly."

14. I kept my eye on the receding piece of ice, while the moon was slowly breaking through a mass of clouds. The mate stood by with a glass. When the full light fell at last upon the water, I put the glass to my eye. One glance was enough.

15. "Forward, there!" I shouted at the top of my voice; and with one bound I reached the main hatch, and began to clear away the boat.

16. Mr. Larkin had received the glass from my hand

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to take a look for himself. "O, pitiful sight!" he said in a whisper, "there are two children on that cake of ice."

17. Two men answered my hail and went aft. The boat was quickly launched. Mr. Larkin jumped in with me, followed by the two men, who took the oars.

18. "Do you see that cake of ice with something black upon it, my lads?" I cried. "Put me alongside of that, and I will give you a month's extra wages."

19. The men bent to their oars, but their strokes were uneven and feeble. They were worn out by the hard duty of the preceding fortnight, and, though they did their best, the boat made little more way than the tide. This was a long chase, and Mr. Larkin exclaimed, "Pull, my lads! I 'll double the Captain's offer."

20. A convulsive effort of the oars told how willing the men were to obey, but the strength of the strong men was gone. One of the poor fellows gave out, and the other was nearly as far gone. Mr. Larkin sprang forward and seized the deserted oar.

21. I took the second man's place, and in a moment we were pulling a long, steady stroke, gradually increasing in rapidity till the wood seemed to smoke in the oar-locks.

22. Such a pull! We bent to our oars as no young men in a race ever did. At every stroke the boat shot ahead like an arrow from a bow. Cold as it was, the moisture rolled in great drops from my face.

23. "Are we almost to it, Mr. Larkin?" I gasped out.

24. "Almost, Captain; don't give up; for the love of our dear little ones at home, don't give up, Captain!"

25. The oars flashed as the blades turned up to the moonlight. Suddenly Mr. Larkin stopped pulling, and

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my heart for a moment ceased to beat, for I feared that he had given out. But I was quickly assured by his kind voice.

26. "Gently, Captain, gently! a stroke or two more. There, that will do!" And the next moment we struck upon the ice, and Larkin sprang from the boat, and I followed him.

27. We ran to the dark spot in the centre, and found two little boys, the head of the smaller nestling in the bosom of the larger. Both were fast asleep. The drowsiness which would have been fatal but for the timely rescue had overcome them.

28. Mr. Larkin grasped one of the lads, carefully wrapping over him his great-coat, and holding him close to his breast, so as to revive him with the heat of his own warm body. I did the same with the other, and we returned to the boat; the men, partially recovered, pulled slowly back.

29. The children, as we learned when we afterwards had the delight of restoring them to their parents, had been playing on the ice, and had ventured on the cake. A movement of the tide set the ice in motion, and the little fellows were borne away on that cold night, and would have perished but for Mr. Larkin's espying them as the ice was sweeping out to sea.

30. "How do you feel?" I said to the mate the next morning after this adventure.

31. "A little stiff in the arms, Captain," the noble fellow replied, "a little stiff in the arms, Captain, but very easy here," laying his hand on his heart.

32. My quaint, brave Down-Easter! He who lashes the seas into fury, and lets loose the tempest, will care for thee. The storm may rage without, but in thy breast peace and sunshine will always abide.

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XXXVI. — THANKSGIVING DAY.

L. MARIA CHILD.

throûgh	sleigh (slā)	strāight
căr′ry	drĭft′ẹd	pŭmp′kịn

1. OVER the river and through the wood,
To grandfather's house we go;
The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow.

2. Over the river and through the wood, —
Oh, how the wind does blow!
It stings the toes
And bites the nose,
As over the ground we go.

3. Over the river and through the wood,
To have a first-rate play.
Hear the bells ring,
"Ting-a-ling-ding!"
Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!

4. Over the river and through the wood,
Trot fast, my dapple-gray!
Spring over the ground
Like a hunting-hound!

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5. Over the river and through the wood,
And straight through the barnyard gate.
We seem to go
Extremely slow, —
It is so hard to wait!

6. Over the river and through the wood, —
Now grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin-pie!

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XXXVII.—THE ADVENTURES OF MAR KLOVER.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

cĕl'lạr	fā'mous	ạr-rīve
găr'rẹt	bẹ-hāv'iọr	sŭp'pẹr
rōlled	cŏm'pạ-ny	mĭs'chi
slĭpped	găl'lọp	lōaf

LITTLE Martin Klover was sent of an errand early in the morning, but he stopped to play way, and played half the forenoon. In the mean the whole family had decided on a picnic, and they not wait for Martin. But Mrs. Klover left word neighbor which road he must take to follow them, a where he would find the clothes to wear.

2. As it happened, however, Martin came home v being seen by the neighbor, and could not imagin had become of everybody. He shouted, he ratt chairs, went down cellar, through all the chamber up the garret stairs, but not a soul could he find.

3. In the garret there was an old-fashioned hair and in that hair trunk was an old-fashioned suit of which had belonged to Martin's grandfather. It co of a cocked hat, a long-skirted coat, a figured wais standing collar, breeches, stockings and buckled sho it was the cause of all Martin's bad luck that day

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no sooner saw those clothes than he made up his mind to put them on and have some fun.

4. It took a long time to "dress up"; the collar would twist in spite of him, and then the coat skirts would get under his feet, and what to do with them was the question. At last he took one on each arm, and in that manner went down into the street, where he marched along, head thrown back, toes turned out, making quite a show with his buckled shoes and his cocked-up hat!

5. The street boys came running to see, and one little fellow picked up an old smoking-cap that had been dropped from the coat pocket, put it on his own head, then rolled up his trousers and went marching behind with a stick over his shoulder.

6. As they passed along, more boys came, all shouting and laughing; and by and by some of them began to throw stones. At last one stone went smash through a window. Then a man came rushing out in his shirt-sleeves, and bawled at them, "Who threw that stone?"

7. The boys started to run. Some kept in the road, some jumped over into the field. Martin was one who jumped over. He made for the brook, thinking to cross on the stepping-stones. When he heard the man coming behind he let go the coat skirts to run faster, because he thought one of the boys called out, "There he comes with a horse-whip!"

8. But the clothes would not let him run. Just as he reached the bank one of the skirts flapped between his legs, then he stepped on it, and then he stumbled, and then — went down.

9. In falling he pitched head-foremost into the brook. A flock of geese swimming near by flew off in a hurry. Martin rolled over, picked himself up, and the next thing

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was to pick up his hat. For his hat had floated away on a voyage by itself. Many times he was just going to catch hold of it, and each time it slipped from under his fingers.

10. The frogs made fun of him, and the boys hooted, calling out, "A race! a race! Hurrah!" Martin found it hard work wading with so many clothes on, and was just going to give up when help came quite unexpectedly. A lively little puff of wind happened along, took hold of the cocked hat, and puffed it ashore in a twinkling.

11. Martin picked up his hat and sat down by the brook on a log. Presently there came along a curious-looking old man. He was ragged, and had a long coat with a cape to it, and a whip. Martin thought it might be the man whose square of glass was broken.

12. So he hid down behind the log, to keep out of sight, peeping through the coarse grass to see what the old man was doing. Martin had better have been looking the other way. If he had been looking the other way, he would have seen coming towards him a dozen or twenty animals of a kind not famous for beauty or good behavior, called pigs

13. Animals of this kind have not very genteel manners, but no doubt they mean well. But little Martin Klover, when he saw this company of curly tails coming, did not stop to think of good looks or good manners. He hurried with all his might and tried to run.

14. Martin tried to jump, but was not quick enough, on account of having on so many clothes, and the clothes being wet. Meanwhile the company came forward at full gallop, being driven on by the boys. Some stopped to smell at what was sprawling and squalling in the mud, and, finding that it was nothing but a boy, walked over him and went their way.

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15. By this time Marti- And again to the child I whispered,
day. He got up, po "The snow that husheth all,
walked, as well as Darling, the merciful Father
after him, call: Alone can make it fall!"

Only look'm'ing. Morning or evening twi-
16. Wight.
The f' **ead'stone.** A stone at the head of a grave; gravestone.
D'

Er'mine. A species of animal and its fur; the fur is used on the state robes of sovereigns and nobles.

XXXIX.—WHAT I LIVE FOR.

DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

a-wāits' as-sīgned' de-sīgn' hāil

1. I LIVE for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task my God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

2. I live to learn their story,
Who suffered for my sake;
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crown History's pages,
And Time's great volume make.

3. I live to hold communion
With all that is divine;

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To feel there is a union
'Twixt Nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truth from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfil each grand design.

4. I live to hail that season,
By gifted minds foretold,
When man shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

5. I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

Em'u-late. Strive to equal.
Wake. The track made by a vessel as it passes through the water; *hence*, path, track.
Bards. Poets.
Pa'tri-ots. Those who love and faithfully serve their country.
Mar'tyr. One who is put to death for the truth; one who suffers death or is persecuted for his belief.
Com-mun'ion. Fellowship; familiar intercourse.
Fic'tion. Something feigned; an invented story.
As-sist'ance. Help; aid.

Which stanza of this poem do you like best? Tell the names of men "whose deeds crown History's pages."

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XL.—TAME HUMMING-BIRDS.

PART I.

ăc′ci-dĕnt	fā′vor-ĭte	ĭn′ju-riẹs
lī′chens	ạp-pēar′ạnce	rẹ-cēived′

WHO would think it possible to tame a humming-bird, a creature so small in size and so rapid in movement! It would seem as easy to catch and imprison a sunbeam as to keep a humming-bird in a cage, or even in the room of a house. And yet it has been done. A lady in Danvers, in Massachusetts, in the course of a single summer, had four little humming-birds in her house, which became in some degree tame.

2. First she became possessed by accident of a nest with two half-fledged little mites in it, nearly starved to death. The parent birds had left them, and perhaps had been killed by some bird of prey. The nest was the prettiest and nicest of nests, an inch and a half across the top, made of the softest buff-colored down, and covered with wood lichens. It looked as if it grew on the tree where it was found.

3. The first thing to be done was to feed them, as humming-birds, and indeed all birds, require a great deal of food in proportion to their size and weight. So she made a thick syrup of sugar and water, and fed them with a small quill, cut away on one side, so that their long, needle-like bills could go into it. She was delighted to find that they drank it eagerly, and it suited them well, for they grew in size and strength. In due time they learned to sip it up themselves out of a little dish.

4. After some days they became fledged, and left their little nest. The lady would not imprison them in a cage,

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so she put nets over all the windows, and let them fly at large through the house. They would follow her from room to room, as if to see what she was about. They seemed to like to have her talk to them and take notice of them. Their favorite perch was a loop in the strings of a window-curtain. Here they always passed the night, and here they liked to swing in the daytime.

5. The plumage on their heads and backs was green, each feather tipped with golden brown, which gave it a changeable appearance. The wings and tails were black, with a narrow white stripe around the tail. The throat and breast were white, speckled with black. Their legs were fringed with lovely white down. Nature does not supply them with their most brilliant plumage till a more mature age.

6. They bathed and plumed themselves regularly, like other birds, in scarcely more than a spoonful of water, in a little dish hardly bigger than a thimble, which was placed on the window-sill regularly every morning. They often woke their kind mistress by fluttering and humming round her pillow, and lighting on her face; seeming to say, "You are lazy, Mrs. C., this morning. It is time to get up. And besides, we want our bath and breakfast."

7. One afternoon when she was taking a nap in her chair after dinner, one of the little creatures woke her, and seemed to be in a great state of excitement. The lady found that her dish was covered so that she could not get at her sugar and water, and when it was uncovered, she became quiet and happy. They were very fond of flowers, and eagerly buried their long bills in them; but, what was curious, they never would touch the same flower a second time.

8. One of them was stronger, bolder, and larger than

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the other, and was therefore supposed to be a male, and so he was named Robbie. The other was called Jeanie. One morning poor little Robbie was missing, and after a long search was found in a sweeping-machine which had been used in the room. He was taken out in a forlorn condition, and, though tenderly nursed, died in a few days from the injuries he had received. The lady mourned for his death, and Jeanie seemed to do so also; she was restless and uneasy, and kept nearer to her mistress than usual.

Im-pris'on. Put into a place of confinement; shut up.
Reg'u-lar-ly. In a regular manner; with regularity or order.
Fledged. Furnished with feathers.
Ex-cite'ment. Agitation; commotion.
Cu'ri-ous. Singular; strange.

XLI.—TAME HUMMING-BIRDS.

PART II.

tĭm'id	at-trăct'ed	flŭt'ter-ing
cŭn'ning	spärk'ling	drowned
cür'tain (kür'tĭn)	môve'ments	pro-tect'or

MEANWHILE the lady's youngest son had found another nest of young humming-birds, and when Jeanie was left alone, he persuaded his mother to let him bring them home to be companions to the widowed bird. When they came they were already fledged, and were quite timid and wild. One of them was named Dandy and the other Tiny. Dandy never became so tame as the others, but he learned to know his name, and when called would come to his mistress, and eat from her hand.

2. Jeanie received the new-comers with cordial welcome, and they soon became a united and happy family.

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At night they looked very pretty all perched on the curtain loop as closely together as they could sit, with their bills and tails at the same angle. If they were spoken to after their bedtime had come, they would not open their eyes, but would ruffle their feathers and shrug their wings, as if to say, "I am sleeping now; don't talk to me."

3. They were attracted by bright colors, and if a lady entered the room where they were with a gay flower in her bonnet, or a sparkling jewel on her dress, they would at once fly to it. They would also manifest signs of pleasure when their mistress wore a dress or ribbon with bright colors in it.

4. They became, naturally, objects of interest and curiosity to all the neighbors, especially the children, and many persons came to see them. One day a little girl, who was watching their movements with the greatest delight, said, "I wish one of them would light on me." The lady replied, "I think, if you will keep perfectly still, that one of them will."

5. The child kept still, though she was in such a state of excitement that it was hard for her to do so. At last one of them lighted on her head, and the two made a pretty picture, the little girl's frame trembling, and her eyes sparkling, with delight, as she said, "O, I wish Alley" (her little sister) "could see me now!"

6. Jeanie, like Robbie, came to an untimely end. One morning her mistress found her fluttering and nearly drowned in a little water which had been left in a wash-basin. She had either fallen into it by accident, or had been tempted to take a bath; but it proved fatal to her, for, in spite of careful nursing, she died after a few days.

7. Dandy and Tiny were now left alone together. September had come and the nights were growing cold. The

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little creatures began to droop and pine, partly because of the season, and partly because they could not have their proper food, which consists largely of insects. The lady thought she ought not to keep them any longer, and resolved to set them at liberty, that they might follow the instincts of their kind, and seek a Southern clime.

8. So one sunny morning, with a sad heart, she opened the window, and sat down to watch the result. Dandy immediately flew out of the room, lighted upon a tree near at hand, looked around as if amazed at the broad expanse of air and light around him, and then darted away never to return.

9. Tiny soon followed, but hovered about the house for some time, and then came back, tired and hungry. The window was ever after left open for her to go and come as she pleased. She was once gone for some days, but was found in the possession of one of the neighbors. She was then brought home, and her mistress resolved to keep her as long as she could. A few days restored her to her usual good looks, and she seemed grateful to her kind protector for her care. But the increasing cold affected her, and one morning she was found dead on her perch.

Mean'while. In the intervening time; meantime.
Per-suad'ed. Prevailed upon; induced.
Cor'dial. Hearty; sincere.
Man'i-fest. Show plainly.
Fa'tal. Deadly; destructive.
Un-time'ly Before the natural or usual time.
Re-solved'. Determined; decided.
In'stinct. A natural aptitude or faculty, by which animals are directed to do whatever is necessary for their preservation.

Describe the color, motions, and size of a humming-bird. What is the size of its nest? Upon what were the tame humming-birds fed? What became of Robbie? By what were the birds often attracted? Relate the incident of the little girl and the birds. What became of Jeanie, of Dandy, and of Tiny?

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XLII.—THE GIRL AND THE GLEANER.

MARIA S. CUMMINS.

1. WHAT poor little miserable bird art thou?
Where is thy home? Does some old oak-bough,
Some hole in the wall, some crevice narrow,
Serve as a home for thee, poor sparrow?
I should almost think, indeed, under ground
The likeliest place for thy nest to be found,
Thou lookest so rumpled, so shabby, and gray.

2. Ah! now I see; thou 'rt in hopes to be able
To gather up seed from the rich bird's table;
I notice thou 'rt eagerly picking up all
That chance from the cage above to fall.
Poor little beggar-bird! Dost not thou wish
Thou couldst have supper served up in a dish,
Live in a beautiful house, and, at night,
Be carried in-doors and shut up tight,
Like those little speckled foreigners there,
That are treated with so much kindness and care?

3. They never know all the trials and pain
That arise from hunger, cold, and rain.
I cannot but laugh to see with what pains
Thou 'rt hunting about for those little grains,
Which our favored birds of the "upper ten"
Throw aside and never think of again.

4. "Laugh away in your pride, laugh away;
What do you think I care?
Call me a beggar you may,
But I 'm a bird of the air.
Think you I 'd a prisoner be?
No; liberty is life to me.

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Open the door, and with very
I 'll warrant they 'd fly awa
A gilded cage can never compa
With freedom to sweep throug

6. "A nest, to be sure, in a tree,
Is the only home I know;
But the rain can never reach m
And you would not pity me
If you could but hear how I si
When the golden sun from the

7. "And if I do have to fly
The fields and gardens o'er,
For the seed that your birds fl
I enjoy it all the more.
I eat my food and away I hie.
Who 'd live in a cage? Not I

XLIII. — MRS. GRAMMA

grăm′mar	ăd′jec-tĭves
spēēch	thöû′sands
pŭd′dings	shōul′der
mĭn′ute	shŭt′ter

1. MRS. GRAMMAR once gav
To the nine different part
To the short and the tall,
To the stout and the small,

But none of the three
Could stand for a minute alone.

3. Then Adjectives came to announce
That their dear friends the Nouns were at hand;
Rough, *rougher*, and *roughest*,
Tough, *tougher*, and *toughest*,
Fat, *merry*, *good-natured*, and *grand*.

4. The Nouns were indeed on their way,
Tens of thousands and more, I should think;
For each name that we utter,
Shop, *shoulder*, or *shutter*,
Is a Noun; *lady*, *lion*, or *link*.

5. The Pronouns were hastening fast
To push the Nouns out of their places;
I, *thou*, *he*, and *she*,
You, *it*, *they*, and *we*,
With their sprightly intelligent faces.

6. Some cried out, "Make way for the Verbs!
A great crowd is coming in view!"
To *light* and to *smite*,
To *fight* and to *bite*,
To *be*, and to *have*, and to *do*.

7. The Adverbs attend on the Verbs,
Behind, as their footmen, they run;
As thus, "to fight *badly*,"
And "run *away gladly*,"

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As *either* you *or* he,
But *neither* I *nor* she;
They held their great friends b

9. Then, too, with a *hip, hip, hurr*
Rushed in Interjections uproari
Dear me! well-a-day!
When they saw the displa
"*Ha! Ha!*" they all shouted

10. But, alas! what misfortunes we
While the fun and the feasting
Pounced on them at once
A monster, — a Dunce!
And confounded the Nine Part

11. Help, friends! to the rescue! o
For aid Verb and Article call.
O, give your protection
To poor Interjection,
Noun, Pronoun, Conjunction, a

Spright'ly. Gay; brisk; lively.
In-tel'li-gent. Well informed; instructed; knowing.
Wee. Little; small.
Up-roar'i-
Nigh. N
Con-found

Name the parts of speech. Write a sentence
a *Noun;* one in which *light* is used as an *Adj*
Interjections? Give examples of words which
and as Verbs also.

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XLIV. — NIGHT: A HYMN IN PROSE.

MRS. BARBAULD.

chĭck'ens	mŭr'mur	hăm'mer
găth'ered	hŏn'eyed	ăn'vil
cēased	blēat'ing	făm'i-lies
bŏŭghs	chĭl'dren	hŭm'ming

THE glorious sun has set in the west; the night dews fall; and the air, which was sultry, becomes cool.

2. The flowers fold up their leaves; they fold themselves up, and hang their heads on the slender stalk.

3. The chickens are gathered under the wings of the hen, and are at rest.

4. The little birds have ceased their warbling; they are asleep on the boughs, each one with his head behind his wing.

5. There is no murmur of bees around the hive, or among the honeyed woodbines; they have done their work, and lie close in their waxen cells.

6. The sheep rest upon their soft fleeces, and their loud bleating is no more heard among the hills.

7. There is no sound of a number of voices, or of children at play, or the trampling of busy feet, and of people hurrying to and fro.

8. The smith's hammer is not heard upon the anvil, nor is the harsh saw of the carpenter heard.

9. All men are stretched on their quiet beds; and the child sleeps upon the breast of its mother.

10. Darkness is spread over the skies, and darkness is upon the ground; every eye is shut, and every hand is still.

11. Who taketh care of all people when they are sunk

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in sleep; when they cannot defend themselves, or see if danger approacheth?

12. There is an eye that never sleepeth; there is an eye that seeth in the dark night as well as in the bright sunshine.

13. When there is no light of the sun, or of the moon, — when there is no lamp in the house, or any little stars twinkling through the thick clouds, — that eye seeth everywhere, in all places, and watcheth continually over all the families of the earth.

14. The eye that sleepeth not is God's; His hand is always stretched out over us.

15. He made sleep to refresh us when we are weary; He made night that we might sleep in quiet.

16. As the mother moveth about the house with her finger on her lips, and stilleth every little noise, that her infant be not disturbed, — as she draweth the curtains around its bed, and shutteth out the light from its tender eyes, so God draweth the curtains of darkness around us; so He maketh all things to be hushed and still, that His large family may sleep in peace.

17. Laborers spent with toil, and young children, and every little humming insect, sleep quietly, for God watcheth over you.

18. You may sleep, for He never sleeps; you may close your eyes in safety, for His eye is always open to protect you.

19. When the darkness is passed away, and the beams of the morning sun strike through your eyelids, begin the day with praising God, who hath taken care of you through the night.

20. Flowers, when you open again, spread your leaves and smell sweet to His praise.

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21. Birds, when you awake, warble your thanks amongst the green boughs; sing to Him before you sing to your mates.

22. Let His praise be in our hearts when we lie down; let His praise be on our lips when we awake.

Ceased. Left off; stopped.
Wood'bines. Twining shrubs bearing very sweet-smelling flowers; honeysuckles.
Stretched. Extended.
Ap-proach'eth. Cometh near.
Spent. Exhausted; wearied.
Pro-tect'. Keep in safety; defend.

XLV. — SOMEBODY 'S KNOCKING.

THE NURSERY.

knŏck'ing	drĕssed	chām'bẹr
wood'pĕck-ẹr	plāin'ẹr	răp'pịng

1. THERE 'S somebody knocking. Hark! who can it be?
It 's not at the door! no; it 's in the elm-tree.
I hear it again; it goes *rat-a-tat-tat!*
Now, what in the world is the meaning of that?

2. I think I can tell you. Ah, yes! it is he:
It 's young Master Woodpecker, gallant and free.
He 's dressed very handsomely (*rat-a-tat-tat*),
Just like a young dandy, so comely and fat.

3. He 's making his visits this morning, you see:
Some friends of his live in that old elm-tree;
And, as trees have no door-bells (*rat-a-tat-tat*),
Of course he must knock; what is plainer than that?

4. Now old Madam Bug hears him rap at her door:
Why does n't she come? Does she think him a bore?
She stays in her chamber, and keeps very still.
I guess she 's afraid that he 's bringing a bill.

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5. "I 've seen you before, my good master," says she:
"Although I 'm a bug, sir, you can't humbug me.
Rap on, if you please! at your rapping I laugh,
I 'm too old a bug to be caught with your chaff."

Come'ly. Of good appearance; graceful; handsome.

Chaff. The husks of grain, corn, or grasses; worthless matter.

Upon what do woodpeckers feed? How do they get their food? Describe a woodpecker's bill. Describe the plumage of one that you have seen.

XLVI. — THE DUTCH BOOR AND HIS HORSE.

ELIHU BURRITT.

tĭlled	hĕlm	piērced
plöûgh	rēēf	pŭlse

WHEN I was a small boy and went to school, too young to read, I heard a thing read, of a horse, that made both my cheeks wet with hot tears. The man who owned the horse lived at the Cape of Good Hope, and was called a Dutch boor, which means that he was a poor man of Dutch blood who was born on the soil of that hot land, and tilled it with the plough and hoe.

2. He was a kind man at heart, though rough in look and speech. He loved his mare, and she loved him, and was with him by day and near him by night. She was proud to have him on her back, and would dash through swamps, ponds, and fire, too, if he wished it.

3. But a day came that proved the faith and love of her stout heart and the soul of the man. A great storm came down on the sea. The waves roared, and rose as high as the hills. Their white tops foamed with rage

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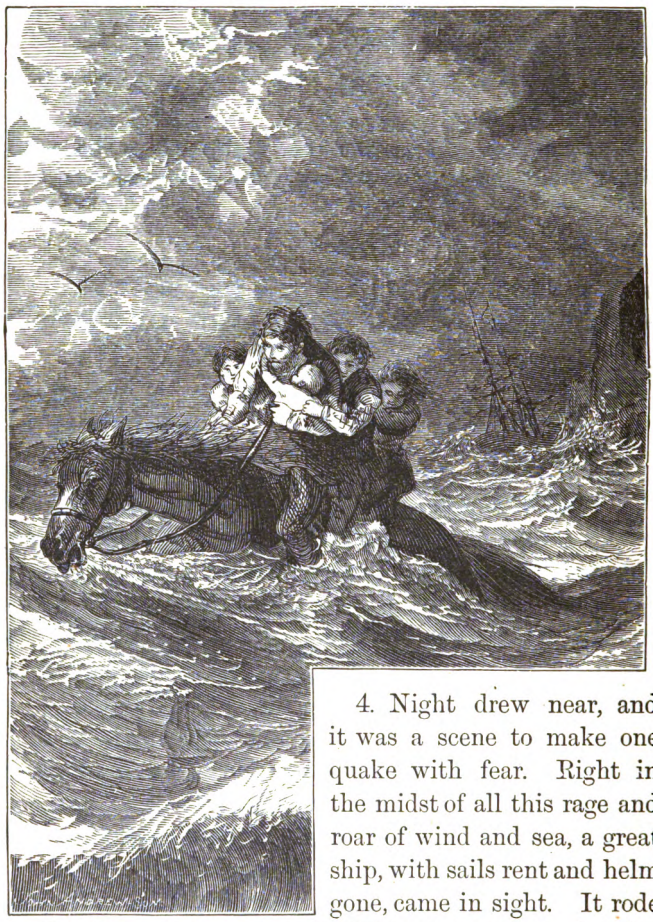
at the winds that smote them with all their might. The clouds flapped them with black wings.



4. Night drew near, and it was a scene to make one quake with fear. Right in the midst of all this rage and roar of wind and sea, a great ship, with sails rent and helm gone, came in sight. It rode on the high, white waves, straight on to a reef of rocks, too far from the shore to be reached with a rope.

5. The ship was full of young and old, whose cries for

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help could be heard, loud as was the voice of the storm. Their boats were gone like the shells of eggs. There was no wood or time to build a raft. The waves leaped on the ship like great white wolves bent on their prey. How could one soul of them all be saved?

6. The men on shore could but look on the sad sight. They could give no help. They had no boat or raft, and their hearts were sick in them.

7. Then the Dutch boor was seen to draw near at full speed on his horse. Down he came to the beach, nor did he stop there one breath of time.

8. He spoke a word to her which she knew, and with no touch of whip or spur she dashed in, and, with a rope tied to her tail, swam the sea to the ship's side. She wheeled, and stamped her way on the white surge with a row of men to the shore. There she stayed but for a breath.

9. At the soft word and touch she knew so well, she turned, and once more ploughed through the surge to the ship, and brought back a load of young and old. Once more she stood on the beach, amidst tears of joy that fell from all eyes. She stood there weak, as wet with sweat as with the sea. The night fell down fast on the ship. There were still a few more left on it, and their cries for help came on the wind to the shore.

10. The thoughts that tugged at the brave man's heart will not be known in this world. The cries from the ship pierced it through and through. He could not bear to hear them. He spoke a low, soft word to his horse; he put his hand to her neck, and seemed to ask her if she could do it. She turned her head to him with a look that meant, "If you wish it, I will try." He did wish it, and she tried, to the last pulse of her heart.

11. She walked straight out in the wild sea. All on

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shore held their breath at the sight. She was weak but brave. Now and then the white surge buried her head; then she rose and shook the brine out of her eyes. Foot by foot she neared the ship. Now the last man had caught the rope. Once more she turned her head to the beach. Shouts and prayers came from it to keep up her strength.

12. The tug was for a life she loved more than her own. She broke her veins for it half-way between ship and shore. She could lift her feet no more; her mane lay like black seaweed on the waves while she tried to catch one more breath; then, with a groan, she went down with all the load she bore, and a wail went out from the land for the loss of a life that had saved from death nearly all of a ship's crew of men.

13. Thus dared and died in the sea the brave Dutch boor and his horse. They were, as friends, one in life, one in death; and both might well have place and rank with the best lives and deaths we read of in books for young or old.

Smote. Struck.
Quake. Shake; tremble.
Wail. A loud lamentation.

Where is the Cape of Good Hope? Describe the storm, and the appearance of the ship. Did the horse seem willing to go to the rescue of the passengers? Tell what the horse did. What can you say of the deeds of the man and his horse?

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XLVII. — THE BOOK

KEBLE.

ẹm-brāc′ing ẹn-cŏm′pa

1. THERE is a book, who ru
Which heavenly truth i
And all the lore its scholars n
Pure eyes and Christian he

2. The works of God, above, bel
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to sh
How God himself is found.

3. The glorious sky, embracing a
Is like the Maker's love,

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4. Two worlds are ours; 't is only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

5. Thou who hast given us eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give us a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere!

Im-parts'. Gives; reveals; makes known.
Lore. Learning; knowledge.
Em-brac'ing. Taking in; enclosing.
En-com'passed. Encircled; surrounded.
De-scry'. Discover; find out.
Mys'tic. Secret; obscure.

XLVIII. — THE NEW BOY.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

tĭm'id ŏf'fẽred rẹ-cēiv'ing bẹ-guīl'ing
ạp-pạr'ent-ly ăn-ị-mā'tion sụg-ğĕs'tion ịn-vīt'ing
hŏs-pi-tăl'i-ty cĕr'ẹ-mọ-ny ăf'fạ-bly ā'mị-ạ-ble

"I HOPE the lady will see to me," he thought, and gave a timid rap with the great bronze knocker. A rosy-faced servant-maid opened the door, and smiled as she took the letter which he silently offered.

2. She seemed used to receiving strange boys, for she pointed to a seat in the hall, and said, with a nod, "Sit there, while I take this in to mistress."

3. Nat found plenty to amuse him while he waited, and stared about him curiously, enjoying the view, yet glad to do so unobserved in the dusky recess by the door.

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4. The house seemed swarming with boys, who were beguiling the rainy twilight with all sorts of amusements. There were boys everywhere, "up-stairs and down-stairs and in the lady's chamber," apparently, for various open doors showed pleasant groups of big boys, little boys, and middle-sized boys.

5. Two large rooms on the right were evidently school-rooms, for desks, maps, blackboards, and books were scattered about. An open fire burned on the hearth, and several indolent lads lay on their backs before it, discussing a new cricket-ground with such animation that their boots waved in the air. A tall youth was practising on the flute in one corner, quite undisturbed by the racket all about him.

6. In the room on the left a long supper-table was seen, set forth with great pitchers of new milk, piles of brown and white bread, and perfect stacks of the shiny ginger-bread so dear to boyish souls. A flavor of toast was in the air, also suggestions of baked apples, very tantalizing to one hungry little nose and stomach.

7. The hall, however, presented the most inviting prospect of all: for a brisk game of tag was going on in the upper entry; one landing was devoted to tops, the other to checkers; while the stairs were occupied by a boy reading, a girl singing lullaby to her doll, two puppies, a kitten, and a constant succession of small boys sliding down the balusters, to the great detriment of their clothes and danger to their limbs.

8. So absorbed did Nat become in this exciting race, that he ventured farther and farther out of his corner; and when one very lively boy came down so swiftly that he could not stop himself, but fell off the baluster with a crash that would have broken any head but one rendered

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nearly as hard as a cannon-ball by eleven years of constant bumping, Nat forgot himself, and ran up to the fallen rider, expecting to find him half dead. The boy, however, only winked rapidly for a second, and then lay calmly looking up at the new face with a surprised "Halloo!"

9. "Halloo!" retorted Nat, not knowing what else to say, and thinking that form of reply both brief and easy.

10. "Are you a new boy?" asked the recumbent youth, without stirring.

11. "Don't know yet."

12. "What 's your name?"

13. "Nat Blake."

14. "Mine 's Tommy Bangs. Come up and have a slide, will you?" And Tommy sprang upon his legs like one suddenly remembering the duties of hospitality.

15. "I think I won't, till I see whether I 'm going to stay or not," returned Nat, feeling the desire to stay increase every moment.

16. "I say, Demi, here 's a new one. Come and see to him." And the lively Thomas returned to his sport with unabated relish.

17. At his call, the boy reading on the stairs looked up with a pair of big brown eyes, and after an instant's pause, as if a little shy, he put the book under his arm, and came soberly down to greet the new-comer, who found something very attractive in the pleasant face of this slender, mild-eyed boy.

18. "Have you seen Aunt Jo?" he asked, as if that was some sort of important ceremony.

19. "I have n't seen anybody yet but you boys; I 'm waiting," answered Nat.

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20. "Did Uncle Laurie send you?" proceeded Demi, politely, but gravely.

21. "Mr. Laurence did."

22. "He is Uncle Laurie; and he always sends nice boys."

23. Nat looked gratified at the remark, and smiled in a way that made his thin face very pleasant. He did not know what to say next, so the two stood staring at each other in friendly silence till the little girl came up with her doll in her arms. She was very like Demi, only not so tall, and had a rounder, rosier face, and blue eyes.

24. "This is my sister Daisy," announced Demi, as if presenting a rare and precious creature.

25. The children nodded to one another; and the little girl's face dimpled with pleasure, as she said, affably, —

26. "I hope you 'll stay. We have such good times here; don't we, Demi?"

27. "Of course we do; that 's what Aunt Jo has Plumfield for."

28. "It seems a very nice place indeed," observed Nat, feeling that he must respond to these amiable young persons.

29. "It 's the nicest place in the world; is n't it, Demi?" said Daisy, who evidently regarded her brother as authority on all subjects.

30. "No; I think Greenland, where the icebergs and seals are, is more interesting. But I 'm fond of Plumfield, and it is a very nice place to be in," returned Demi, who was interested just now in a book on Greenland. He was about to offer to show Nat the pictures and explain them, when the servant returned, saying, with a nod towards the parlor door, —

31. "All right; you are to stop."

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32. "I 'm glad; now come to Aunt Jo." And Daisy took him by the hand with a pretty, protecting air, which made Nat feel at home at once.

Dusk'y. Somewhat dark; obscure.
Be-guil'ing. Amusing; diverting.
In'do-lent. Lazy; not industrious.
Rack'et. A confused, clattering noise; disturbance.
Tan'tal-iz-ing. Tormenting with false hope; teasing.
Det'ri-ment. Damage; mischief; injury.
Re-cum'bent. Leaning; reclining.
Un-a-bat'ed. Undiminished.

XLIX. — THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON, CONCORD, AND CAMBRIDGE.

REV. ALEXANDER McKENZIE.

PART I.

ĭn-dẹ-pĕn'dẹnt ạr-rānġe'mẹnt rē-ẹn-fōrce'mẹnts
ọp-prĕs'sive cọm-mĭt'tẹe ạr-rĕst'ing
sụr-rĕn'dẹr pĕr'il-oŭs mil-ĭ"tia
sụb-mĭs'siọn mĭl'i-tạ-ry dis-pẽrse'

THE birthday of our country was the Fourth of July, 1776; for on that day the Declaration of Independence was signed, and the people by their representatives declared "that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, *free and independent States.*"

2. But it was not until after seven years of war that England agreed to their independence. It was eight years from the real beginning of the war of the Revolution to the time when its close was officially proclaimed to the army. Both events occurred on the nineteenth of April, the former in the year 1775, the latter in the year 1783.

3. But the causes which led to the war were working

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for a long time before there was a resort to arms. The government of England had made laws for the Colonies which the people here thought very unjust and oppressive, while they were denied certain rights to which they thought themselves entitled.

4. They were greatly attached to their mother-land and were willing to be loyal to her government; but they had the spirit of those who in other days had secured and maintained the liberties of England, and they were not willing to surrender their liberty, although it should cost them their lives to preserve it.

5. It did cost them a very great price to carry out the principles they had declared, but they succeeded in their endeavor, and we are enjoying the results of their toils and sacrifices.

6. When the King and government of England found that the Colonies would not submit to their demands, they took measures to enforce submission. For this purpose the number of British troops here was increased, so that by the middle of April, 1775, General Gage, the commander-in-chief of the forces and the royal governor of Massachusetts, had about four thousand men under his command.

7. But the people were watchful and determined. Massachusetts made arrangements to raise an army of twelve thousand men, one fourth of whom were to be minute-men, that is, men ready for service at a minute's notice.

8. Committees were appointed to take care of the interests of the people in these perilous days, and military stores were collected and kept in readiness for a time of need. Such a collection was made at Concord, a pleasant town about twenty miles from Boston.

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9. General Gage planned an expedition to destroy the military stores at Concord. He meant that this should be a secret enterprise; but when a secret is intrusted to many persons, it is very hard to keep it from going farther.

10. The preparations which were made attracted the attention of the watchful patriots, who sent out men to alarm the country. Paul Revere, the famous Boston mechanic, crossed the Charles River to Charlestown, and William Dawes went out through Roxbury.

11. They met at Lexington, where John Hancock and Samuel Adams were in waiting. The messengers hurried on to carry the tidings to the people beyond, who at once made preparation for the coming enemy. Many persons concealed their valuable property, often hiding it in a well.

12. The women and children, the old and infirm, were removed to secure places, and the men awaited their foes. This was on the eighteenth of April.

13. At ten o'clock in the evening of that day some eight hundred British troops embarked at the foot of Boston Common, and crossing the river landed in Cambridge, near what is now called Lechmere Point. They struck across the marshes and proceeded along the old road from Charlestown to that part of Cambridge which was then called Menotomy, and is now the town of Arlington.

14. They found to their surprise that the country was alarmed. It was almost two o'clock in the clear, chilly morning of the nineteenth that they halted at Menotomy. Finding that their task was harder than they had anticipated, they sent back to Boston for re-enforcements. But six companies of light infantry, under the command of Major Pitcairn, were ordered forward to Concord.

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15. They pressed on, arresting every man whom they met. One of their prisoners escaped, and carried to Lexington the certain tidings of their approach. When they reached that place, they found sixty or seventy of the militia drawn up near the meeting-house, and with them some forty spectators, a few of whom were armed.

16. The British troops rushed on, shouting and firing, and the officers cried out, "Ye villains! ye rebels! disperse! Lay down your arms! Why don't you lay down your arms?" Seeing that no notice was taken of this summons, the troops fired, but did no harm. They fired again, and men fell.

17. Then the militia, who had been ordered not to fire unless they were fired upon, returned the assault. It was evidently in vain for the militia to resist any further, and they withdrew, while the troops fired at them as long as they remained in sight.

18. Seven men were killed and ten wounded on the American side. The British, with huzzas over their easy victory, hastened on to Concord. But though they shouted in triumph, there was little cause for their rejoicing. They had begun a work at the conclusion of which the shouting would be from the other side.

19. Samuel Adams looked through the dark days which were at hand, and foreseeing the end, cried out, "Oh, what a glorious morning is this!"

En-ti'tled. Given a right or claim to.
Loy'al. Faithful to a prince or superior.
Main-tained'. Sustained; defended; preserved.
En-force'. Gain by force; compel.
Per'il-ous. Full of peril; dangerous.
In-trust'ed. Confided to the care of.
In-firm'. Weak; feeble.
Em-barked'. Went on shipboard.
Re-en-force'ments. Supply of new force, as of additional troops.
Dis-perse'. Fly or go in different ways; separate; scatter.
As-sault'. Attack.

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L. — THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON, CONCORD, AND CAMBRIDGE.

PART II.

de-strŭc'tion	de-tăch'ment	bûl'let
băr'rels	co-lō'ni-al	ex-tĭnc'tion
col-lĕct'ed	dis-crĕ"tion	băr-ri-cāde'

IT was a short march to Concord; but there the work of destruction which had brought the British from Boston met with small success. They broke open about sixty barrels of flour, disabled a few cannon, cut down the liberty-pole, set the court-house on fire; but the greater part of the military stores which had been collected had been previously concealed, or removed to other places out of the reach of the enemy.

2. The tidings of the approach of the British had brought to Concord the minute-men from the neighboring towns. The surrounding communities were inflamed with enthusiasm, convinced that the hour had come when they must defend their rights with their lives.

3. The training which the people had received, in their contests with the Indians and the French, fitted them for the sterner work now laid upon them. Muskets which had seen service at Louisburg and Quebec came forth to new duty; drums which had followed the British flag to honorable battle beat along the roads which led to the scene.

4. The fathers lived again in their sons. The patriots and a portion of the invaders met at the river by the North Bridge. The British fired upon the people. The guns of the minute-men answered them. Men fell on both sides. The conflict was brief, when the detachment of the British retreated upon their main forces, pursued by the provincials.

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5. Meanwhile the number of the colonial force was increasing. The British acted upon their discretion, and, having hastily buried their dead in the public square, about noon began their march back to Boston.

6. It was a perilous march. From out the woods at the side of the road, from behind trees and walls, the murderous fire poured upon the retreating troops.

7. An old, gray-headed man of Woburn figures in the stories of the time, who rode a fine white horse after the flying troops, and dismounting within gunshot would send his sure bullet to the mark. When he fired, some one fell.

8. They came to cry at sight of him, "Look out, there is the man on the white horse!" Even the multitudes of the old and infirm, of women and children, looking down from the hillsides, were transformed, in the frightened imagination of the troops, into hosts of armed men threatening their extinction.

9. Amid the unknown terrors which beset these strangers in a strange land, with lurking foes on every side, with all the country pouring its forces against them, it is hardly strange that they lost hope and daring, and fled in terror.

10. The officers went in front and threatened with death every man who advanced. But nothing could have averted surrender or utter destruction but the timely arrival of the re-enforcements which had been sent for. These formed a hollow square, and received the weary, affrighted men.

11. "They were so much exhausted with fatigue," says a British historian, "that they were obliged to lie down for rest on the ground, their tongues hanging out of their mouths like those of dogs after a chase."

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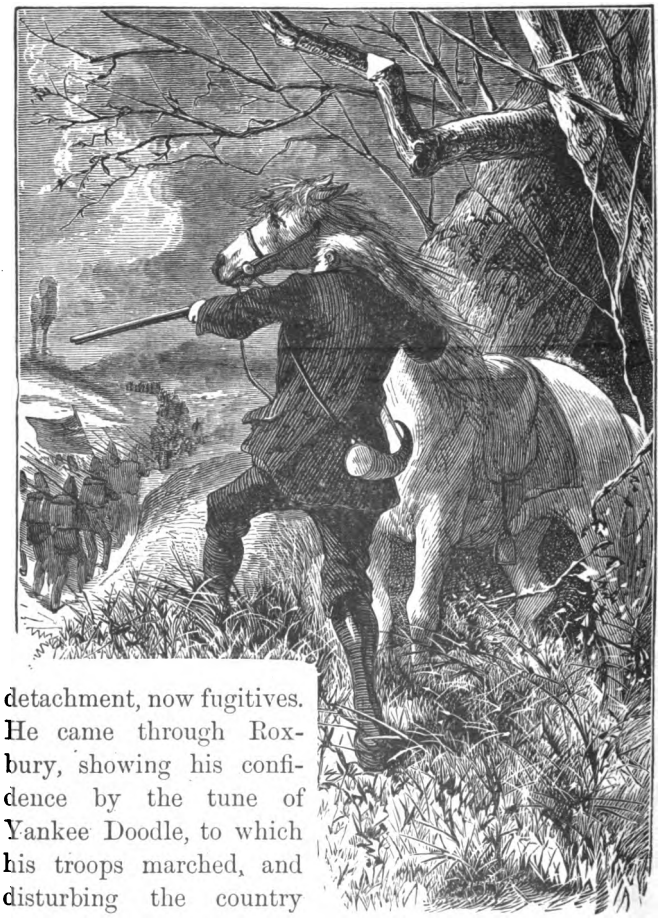
12. Lord Percy had come, with some eighteen hundred veteran troops and two field-pieces, to succor the earlier



detachment, now fugitives. He came through Roxbury, showing his confidence by the tune of Yankee Doodle, to which his troops marched, and disturbing the country through which he passed.

13. The selectmen of Cambridge had taken up the planks of the Great Bridge. In order to prevent the

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retreat of the British in that direction, General Warren had directed the militia to use the planks as a barricade. But as they had been left at the side of the river, it was an easy matter for the British to replace them, so that the troops passed over and met their defeated brethren near the Lexington meeting-house.

14. In connection with this expedition was an amusing incident. A convoy of provisions found greater difficulty in crossing the bridge, and became detached from the main army. An express was sent from Old Cambridge to Menotomy, announcing the coming of these supplies, and a few men, too old for active service in the field, posted themselves behind a wall to await their arrival.

15. The convoy came and was called upon to surrender. The drivers whipped up their horses. The provincials fired, killing several horses, and perhaps two men, when the drivers jumped from their places and fled. The wagons were secured and plundered.

16. The drivers are said to have surrendered themselves to an old woman whom they met, whose protection they begged. Whereupon there went the rounds of the English papers belonging to the opposition this interesting sum in the Rule of Three: "If one old Yankee woman can take six grenadiers, how many soldiers will it require to conquer America?"

17. The return of the British was resumed. They accomplished much destruction, pillaging and burning buildings, and abused such persons as fell into their power. Many sad incidents of this memorable retreat are preserved in the family traditions of those who lived on its route. The skirmishing in Menotomy was very fierce.

18. In this retreat the troops were embarrassed by the wounded they were obliged to carry. The provincials

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followed them closely, and with increasing numbers. The British came down the Cambridge road to Charlestown Neck almost upon the run, so anxious were they to get within the protection of their ships of war. When Charlestown Common was reached, the pursuit was stopped.

19. The reports of the day show, as the American losses, forty-nine killed, thirty-nine wounded, five missing. On the part of the British there were seventy-three killed, one hundred and seventy-four wounded, twenty-six missing, most of whom were prisoners.

20. More than a third of the patriots who gave their lives for their country that day fell within the limits of Cambridge. Concord, Lexington, Menotomy, and Cambridge have erected monuments to their memory. There is good reason that the battle should bear the name given to it at the beginning of this narration.

21. The day which has been described would have been illustrious in itself; but it has attained a wider renown because this conflict was, in fact, the opening of the Revolutionary War.

Main. Principal; chief.
Dis-mount'ing. Alighting from a horse.
Trans-formed'. Changed in form.
Ex-tinc'tion. Destruction.
Be-set'. Surrounded; hemmed in.
Lurk'ing. Lying in wait.
Vet'er-an. Old in practice or experience, particularly in war.
Fu'gi-tives. Those who run off.
Bar-ri-cade'. A fortification hastily made of trees, earth, etc.
In'ci-dent. Occurrence; event; circumstance.
De-tached'. Separated; parted from.
Post'ed. Placed; put; stationed.
Skir'mish-ing. The act of fighting loosely or in small detachments.

What is the date of the real beginning of the Revolutionary War? When did this war close? What cause led to the war? When and how was the number of British troops increased? What measure did the Colonists adopt for their own safety? What expedition was planned by General Gage? Who were sent to alarm the country? Describe what

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took place at Lexington. Describe the fight at Concord. What did the British do after their defeat? Tell how they were frightened and annoyed on their march. Describe the fatigue of the British troops. Relate the amusing incident narrated about this expedition. State the American and the British losses.

LI. — A SHARP TRADE.

CHARLES DICKINSON.

PART I.

ān'cient	ĭm'age	squir'rel (skwĭr'rĕl)
hŏl'lōw	ac-cord'	plăn'ning
reigned (rānd)	mŏn'strous	plīght

1. WITHIN an ancient, hollow oak
That stood beside the road,
Just on the border of a wood,
An aged Owl abode.
There he had lived and ruled for years;
There, too, his parents reigned;
And there had he, with Mrs. Owl,
Some forty Owlets trained.

2. His home was ample, warm, secure,
And undisturbed by man;
The tree was large, and at its base
A little brooklet ran.
Half up the oak, and near his door,
There grew a crooked limb,
Where he was wont to doze by day,
And chant his midnight hymn.

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With Polly Owl, his wife;
His children, though they 'd been a care, —
As children always are, —
Had turned out well, and each had proved
An image of its pa.

4. But that which gratified him most
Was this, as we surmise:
His neighbors all, with one accord,
Were pleased to call him wise.
The reason why, 't is hard to tell,
Unless the fact implies
That wisdom with the birds consists
In having monstrous eyes.

5. Be that, however, as it may,
The Owl had won a name;
And, like some mortals, seemed content
To settle on his fame.
So long as people called him wise,
And gave him power to rule,
No matter if he spent his days
In acting out the fool.

6. Just through the forest, in a dell,
Another oak had grown,
Within whose huge, time-eaten trunk
Jake Squirrel lived alone;
A sprightly fellow, full of fun,
With eyes as black as night,
Gray, glossy coat, and bushy tail

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Perhaps you 'd call him knave;
For when his neighbors dealt with
They sometimes got the shave.

8. It chanced one day, in early fall,
Before the frosts came down
To open wide the chestnut burrs,
And turn the maples brown,
As Jake was sitting on a limb,
Half dozing in the sun,
And planning, in a dreamy way,
For days of busy fun, —
When winds should whistle throug
And shake the chestnuts loose,
And he should gather in his store
Of food for winter's use, —
That all at once he heard a sound ;
And, opening wide his eyes,
He cast them down, and saw a sigl
That filled him with surprise.

9. There stood two men upon the grou
Each gazing at the oak ;
And one went up with axe in hanc
And gave the tree a stroke.

10. " 'T is rotten to the heart," said he
" We 'll have it down next year
The wood may pay for cutting it,
Though hardly that, I fear."

11. Then off they started up the hill,
And soon were out of sight ;

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12. "'T is rotten to the heart, they say;
Well, so it ought to be;
If that 's a sin, I 'd like to know
How many men go free.
If they were felled and slashed about,
Because their hearts were n't sound,
There 'd few be left to use the axe
And beetle, I 'll be bound.

13. "And so it seems that I must move,
Move where? 'T is hard to tell.
I know of but one other tree
That suits me half so well;
And that belongs to Neighbor Owl.
Aha! I see my way!
I 'll try and make a swap with him:
He wants to sell, they say."

14. No sooner said than done; and Jake
Went scrambling down the tree.
He crossed the wood, and climbed the oak,
His friend, the Owl, to see.

Am'ple. Large; wide; spacious.
Wont. Accustomed.
Sur-mise'. Suspect; fancy; suppose.
Ac-cord'. Agreement; union; consent.
Im-plies'. Signifies; means.
Dis-may'. Alarm; horror.
Chanced. Occurred accidentally or unexpectedly; happened.
Pon'der. Think upon; consider.
Plight. Condition; state.
Felled. Hewed or cut down.

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PART II.

sō′cial	fŏr′est
af-fairs′	in-fē′ri-or
oc-cürred′	trăv′elled
dis-türb′ance	prĕ′cious

1. "GOOD morning, squire; fine
You 're well, I hope, to-da
Said Jake, as on a neighboring lim
He stowed himself away.

2. "Good morning, sir!" exclaimed t
With a bewildered blink.
"It 's grown so light I 'm plagued
But it is you, I think."

3. "You 're right, my friend; in othe
Jake Squirrel, from the dell.
I 've come to make a trade with yc
I hear you want to sell."

4. "Sell! sell!" exclaimed the Squir
"Your nest and tree," said Jake.
"My nest and tree?" returned the
"There must be some mistake."

5. "Indeed!" said Jake, "well, that i
Clip Chipmunk said 't was so,

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6. "That she had talked with Mrs. Owl,
Who said that you desired
To sell your tree, and find a home
More quiet and retired.

7. "Now, I 'm by nature more inclined
Than you to social life;
My joys are found in lively scenes:
Yours centre in your wife,
Your children, and your home affairs;
In meditations deep;
In logic, and — you 'll pardon me —
In logic and in sleep.

8. "My hearing, then, that you proposed
To move away this fall,
And hearing, too, the reason why,
Determined me to call
And see if we could make a swap;

9. "For it occurred to me,
That, as you wish to be retired,
From all disturbance free,
My dell was just the place for you;
My oak the very one,
In all the forest far and near,
That you would like to own.

10. "And as for me, the facts are these;
I like your tree the best,
Though far inferior to mine
In point of height and nest;

11. "But then, it stands beside the road,
A road much travelled now,
And I should like to watch the teams
From off that crooked bough;

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12. "Besides, the nuts are thicker here,
Nuts unsurpassed in size,
Which are to me a chief support,
Though worthless in your eyes.
But I am wasting precious time;
I 'll leave you now. Good day!"

13. "Stop, stop! my friend," exclaimed the Owl;
"Don't hurry so, I pray!"

14. Now, after all his sham pretence,
The Owl did want to sell;
His reasons, though, for doing so,
He did not choose to tell.

15. He wondered much that sharp young Jake
Should offer such a trade,
And only feared that he 'd retract
Before the terms were made.

16. Yet not for worlds would he disclose
His real anxiety,
Or show to Jake how fast he was
To sell the homestead tree.

17. They quibbled long, at length agreed;
The Owl, with many a hoot,
Declared it was a shameless fraud,
That Jake would give no boot;

18. While Jake asserted, long and loud,
'T was all a monstrous sin,
That he in trade, in broad daylight,
Should be so taken in.

19. They parted. Jake retraced his steps
Back to his native oak,

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And, climbing to a mossy gnarl,
He chuckled o'er his joke.

20. "Ha, ha! Well done!" laughed he, "well done!
You 're sold, Squire Solon Owl.
You might be wiser yet, it seems,
My would-be learned fowl."

21. "To-hoo, to-hoo!" laughed out the squire,
When Jake had left his tree,
"He thinks he 's sharp, but he 'll soon find
That I 'm as sharp as he."

22. Next day they moved, Squire Owl and wife,
To Jake's ancestral nest;
And Jake took up his lone abode
In their oak's ancient breast.

23. The autumn days had quickly sped;
The winds blew fierce and wild;
And on the lowland, plain, and hill
The drifted snows lay piled.

24. But Jake, close cuddled in his nest,
All cosey, snug, and warm,
Amid his ample store of nuts,
Defied both cold and storm.

25. And often in his selfish joy
He wondered, with a laugh,
How Neighbor Owl was prospering,
And how his better half.

26. For he supposed that long ago
Their home had been destroyed,
And that the Owls were then deprived
Of all that he enjoyed.

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27. As yet, however, Jake was wrong:
The birds were safely housed;
They 'd gone to sleep with the belief
That they would not be roused
Till spring had carried off the snow,
And clothed their naked oak;
Till whippoorwills began to cry,
And frogs to pipe and croak.

28. But, ah! alas for squire and wife!
Alas for tricky Jake!
The joke disclosed another side:
They 'd made a grand mistake.

29. Poor Jake was first to find it out;
And this was how it came:
In spite of craft on either side,
There 'd been a double game.

30. It happened, on the week before
Jake Squirrel heard the doom
Pronounced against his hollow oak,
His old and much loved home,
That Solon Owl had heard the same
Pronounced against his tree:
Hence his desire to move away,
His great anxiety.

31. And so one cold and bitter day
Jake heard the cutting steel.
A shiver ran through all the oak,
His brain began to reel:
A crash, and all was over then,
The giant tree lay low;
And Jake from his ill-gotten nest
Plunged headlong in the snow.

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Imprisoned in a cage.

33. The Owls, more fortunate, escaped,
But long were forced to roam,
Half frozen, through the dreary wood,
To find another home.

MORAL.

34. They who depart from rectitude,
And stoop to petty fraud,
Must not complain if in the end
They reap the just reward.

gued. Troubled; teased; tor-
ıented.
tired′. Private; solitary.
clined′. Disposed; moved by
esire.
sur-passed′. Not exceeded.

Re-tract′. Take back; withdra
Dis-closed′. Uncovered; reve
Craft. Fraud; cunning.
Rec′ti-tude. Uprightness; jus
honesty.
Pet′ty. Small; little.

LIII. — ANECDOTES OF THE CROW.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

PART I.

ọn-spĭc′ụ-oŭs
ĕp-ụ-tā′tiọn
ŏĕn′ẹ-fĭt-ẹd
kër′nẹl
ā′tiẹnce

dĭs-ạp-pŏĭnt′
dẹ-lāy′ịng
ọ-bē′dị-ĕnce
rĕc′ọn-cīled
ọc-cā′siọn-ạl-ly

ọf-fĕnce′
ọc-cŭr′rẹnce
ẹx-traör′dị-nạ-
ạp-prē′cị-āt-ẹd
ịn-tẹl′lị-ğĕnce

THE crow is a bird well known in all parts of

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of his large size and his deep dark color, which in the distance seems to be black; the crow is not, and we are sorry for it, a bird that enjoys a good reputation. In fact, it has very few friends.

2. The farmer is benefited by the crow, yet the farmer dislikes it. Unaware of the good deeds of this bird, the farmer only knows that, no sooner has the seed begun to sprout in his cornfield, than this "robber crow," as the poet Whittier calls him, drops in among his hills of corn, pulls up kernel by kernel, and so undoes all his labor. The wrathful husbandman replants his field, only to have the mischief repeated again and again. We hardly wonder that the farmer does not like the crow.

3. We too, who love all birds, and delight to have them shelter themselves in our shrubbery, or build their nests and rear their young over our porch, have had our patience sorely tried by the crow.

4. We have seen a ruthless crow, under our very eyes, kill and carry off a brood of young robins nearly ready to fly. What wonder that so many join in the general outcry against him!

5. Yet neither the character nor the coat of this much-abused bird is as black as each is generally represented. Its plumage is of a glossy blue-black, which shades in the light into a beautiful rich purple. And as for its character, there is some brightness to be found in that, too, when we examine it closely.

6. If the crow troubles and disappoints the farmer by delaying his early crop of corn, it does so, not in wanton mischief, but in obedience to the instincts of its nature and simply to satisfy its hunger.

7. If it is hard to be reconciled with what seems to be inexcusable cruelty in occasionally destroying the whole

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family of some poor bird, we ought not to forget that the crow is again only obeying the same natural instinct, in providing for the wants of its own hungry brood, and that such offences are of very rare occurrence.

8. Besides, these instinctive promptings of the crow lead him to do a great deal of good as well as a very little harm. There are few birds that really help the farmer so much. But for the vigilance of the crow some of the most destructive insects would increase so rapidly as to do a great amount of mischief.

9. When the ground is not frozen, the crow is always at work killing grubs, beetles, and other creatures injurious to the farmer's crops. It would be but just, therefore, for the farmer to abate a little of his indignation at the crows for pulling up his early corn, and to remember that but for them his cornfield would become so full of destructive grubs that he would be hardly able to have any crops, early or late.

10. If the crows shun our society, it is our own fault and not theirs. They would be social, but we have taught them, on the peril of their lives, to keep away from us. No bird is more tame or fearless than is the crow where no one molests it. It is confiding and sociable where it is not persecuted.

11. The order and method with which large flocks of crows follow the guidance of trusted leaders is as well attested as it is interesting and wonderful. The late Mr. John Cassin of Philadelphia narrated, only a few days before his death, an interesting account of the remarkable movements of a large army of crows, witnessed by himself in that city.

12. In the neighborhood of Philadelphia crows are very abundant. Either because they do not molest the

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farmer's crops, or because the benefits they confer are duly appreciated, they are not objects of persecution, as with us.

13. At certain seasons they move about in large flocks, crossing the Delaware River in the morning from the east, and recrossing it at night from the opposite direction, as they go to their roosting-places. In these movements they often pass over the city itself in large flocks, but high in the air, and out of harm's way.

14. On a Sunday morning in April, 1868, the whole city of Philadelphia was enveloped in a thick fog, so dense that it was hardly possible to distinguish objects across its narrow streets. Mr. Cassin was passing through Walnut Street, in the rear of that famous State House in which the Declaration of Independence was signed.

15. A friend called to him to look at Independence Square, where, he told him, he would see such a sight as he had never witnessed before. He immediately crossed the street with his friend, and approached the park, the whole of which he found, to his utter astonishment, occupied by an immense army of crows. They swarmed over and covered the ground, they filled all the trees, and weighed down the branches. The entire space, in every nook and corner, seemed alive with crows.

16. Mr. Cassin stated that, to the best of his judgment, they would number not merely thousands, but hundreds of thousands. Flock after flock, in attempting to cross the Delaware, had evidently lost their way in the dense fog, and had at last found themselves in a small park in the very heart of Philadelphia. As if aware of their close proximity to danger, the whole company preserved the utmost order, and a stillness as profound as that of the grave itself.

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17. A few birds moved noiselessly back and forth through their ranks, as if giving out tacit signals, to direct their course; and after these movements, slowly and cautiously went up into the air trusty scouts commissioned to explore the way in advance of the rest. Up into the fog-covered heavens ascended these several explorers until lost to view. They soon returned, unsuccessful. Again were repeated the uneasy movements of their leaders, passing silently and cautiously in and out through the close ranks.

18. After a long consultation, as it seemed, though no audible sound was given out, another small band of scouts slowly went up to explore. This time their course and proceedings were different.

19. Instead of a straight, upward course, as they ascended, they wheeled round and round in ever-increasing zones, and at last, as if satisfied with their observations, they returned to a point just above their companions, and then quietly dropped down among them.

20. This time the report was more satisfactory. After communicating its results, the leaders once more moved up and down among the assembled army of crows, as if to give their final directions for a general movement, and the whole of the immense congregation rose slowly and silently, preceded by the last body of scouts. After wheeling around, as their guides had previously done, they all finally moved off in a westerly direction, and were lost to view. During all these movements not a sound had been uttered that might betray their presence in that unsafe neighborhood.

21. How plainly do such facts establish the wonderful intelligence of these birds! What a lesson is taught us, by their sagacious conduct when in danger, of the value

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of prudent counsels combined with good order and self-control!

Con-spic'u-ous. Easily seen by many; prominent.
Un-a-ware'. Not seeing or heeding.
A-bate'. Lessen; diminish.
Shun. Avoid; keep clear of.
At-test'ed. Certified.
Mo-lest'. Disturb; trouble; vex.
Con-fer'. Give; bestow.
Ut'ter. Complete; perfect.
Prox-im'i-ty. Nearness.
Tac'it. Silent; not expressed by words.
Au'di-ble. Capable of being heard.
Com-mu-ni-cat'ing. Imparting; revealing.
Con-gre-ga'tion. Assembly.
Es-tab'lish. Settle firmly; confirm; verify.
Sa-ga'cious. Shrewd; discerning, wise.

LIV.—ANECDOTES OF THE CROW.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

PART II.

mĭs'chiev-oŭs	röûnd	tēaṣe
ịn-dŭl'ge̱nce	bŭt'ton	ạd-jöĭn'ing
sōurce	chăl'le̱n̆g-ing	ne̱-gō'ti-āt-ing

WHEN taken young, the crow can be readily tamed, and becomes an entertaining, though often a very mischievous and troublesome pet. It soon makes itself quite at home, and even seems to enjoy its unusual mode of life, especially when it is permitted to go at large.

2. A life of indulgence and ease appears to develop in it a general love for mischief. It delights in taking objects of no interest or value to itself, and apparently makes no other use of them than to hide them.

3. A gentleman, in whose family were several young

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children, once possessed a pair of tame crows, whose pranks were a great source of entertainment to the entire neighborhood. The birds were perfectly tame, and, enjoying the largest liberty, came and went as they pleased. They seemed to delight in the society of their benefactors.

4. They were especially fond of the children, taking part in all their plays with as much animation as is sometimes shown by an intelligent dog. They joined with the children in their game of hide-and-seek with a readiness and quickness of movement which even made them the masters of the game.

5. On one occasion the younger of the children had taken up a small round button, with a projecting eye attached, which he threw on the ground before one of the crows, and told him to pick it up. The bird immediately attempted to do so, but, endeavoring to take it up by the rounded part, was unable to retain his hold. The button turned over, and slipped each time from his grip, greatly to the entertainment of the children.

6. After turning it over several times, the crow at last took it up on the point of its beak by the eye, holding it securely. Proud of this success, it moved about, twirling the button in an amusing manner. After a while it flew with the button a short distance, and, dropping it in the grass, returned to the children, challenging them to a game of hide-and-seek. One of the boys immediately ran in search of the button.

7. The crow hovered in the air, attentively watching the boy, and as soon as he seemed on the point of finding it, the bird darted down, picked up the button, and bore it off in triumph. This manœuvre it repeated several times, in each instance anticipating the children in their attempts to recover the button.

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8. One of these birds was much attached to the mistress of the house, always flying to her whenever he saw her out of doors, hovering over her head, and alighting upon her shoulders or on her head. He never manifested the same great regard for any one else.

9. One of their greatest delights was to tease and annoy the hens on the place, especially those having charge of a brood of chickens. To these their near approach was a source of great uneasiness, and they would be met with all those tokens of hostility which a faithful mother-hen so well knows how to manifest.

10. This was just what the crows seemed to enjoy. After pestering the poor hen to their heart's content, they would retire to a limb of a tree close by, where they would indulge in the most grotesque noises, apparently in imitation of the outcries of the distressed and indignant parent.

11. Occasionally, one of these crows would venture to visit some of the adjacent dwellings and there play off his mischievous tricks.

12. One summer afternoon, as a neighbor of the owner of the crows was taking a nap in an easy-chair in his parlor, some one, as he thought, tapped at the door. "Come in!" he called to the supposed visitor. But no one obeyed the summons, and the rap at the door was repeated.

13. Again a louder summons to the visitor to "walk in" brought no visible response; but immediately, in an adjoining room, there commenced the greatest possible uproar, as if some one was overturning the furniture.

14. In great alarm the gentleman sprang to the door and hastily entered the room, where he found that his neighbor's crow was the intruder, and was busily engaged in throwing down or tipping over every article in the room

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that he could move. Upon the gentleman's entrance, however, the crow seemed to come to the conclusion that it was about time for him to depart, and immediately disappeared through an open window, leaving the apartment in great confusion.

15. There is a popular belief that the crow can be taught to imitate the human voice, and even to speak distinctly. In confinement the crow evinces a great readiness for burlesque imitations of certain familiar sounds, though they are rarely, if ever, imitated with exactness. Its cackling like a hen is rather a ludicrous caricature than a close imitation.

16. A few years since, a family spending the summer in Grafton, Massachusetts, found a tame crow, kept by a neighbor, which had been taught to say distinctly several words. One of the children succeeded in negotiating for its purchase, and took it home, but only for a single day. The crow was found to be very noisy and vociferous.

17. Its language was by no means the most choice, and the mistress of the household insisted upon its return to its original educators. This bird enunciated sentences of three or four words.

18. However amusing some of the performances of the crow may sometimes be, in a state of confinement they are not always so pleasant or agreeable. His mischievous pranks are very annoying, and any neighborhood will generally rejoice at the disappearance of a tame crow.

Pranks. Ludicrous or merry tricks.
Chal'leng-ing. Inviting to a trial; daring.
Ma-nœu'vre. Dexterous or skilful management; trick.
Pes'ter-ing. Disturbing; provoking; troubling.
In-trud'er. One who enters without invitation or permission.
Con-clu'sion. Final decision.
Ne-go'ti-at-ing. Doing or transacting business.
Vo-cif'er-ous. Noisy; making outcry; loud.

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Of what color is the plumage of the crow? Why do farmers dislike the crow? Give an example of the cruelty of the crow. What service does the crow render the farmer? Describe the flock of crows seen in Philadelphia. Describe the movements of the leaders and the flight of the flock. Can the crow be tamed? Relate several amusing stories about the crow.

LV. — THE CUNNING OLD CROW.

lĭmb	scăt'ṭers	rĕg'u-lar
ōak	re-gärd'	făn'cy

1. ON the limb of an oak sat a cunning old crow,
And chatted away with glee,
As he saw the old farmer go out to sow,
And he cried, "It 's all for me!

2. "Look, look, how he scatters his seeds around;
How wonderfully kind to the poor!
If he 'd empty it down in a pile on the ground,
I could find it much better, I 'm sure!

3. "I 've learned all the tricks of this wonderful man,
Who has such a regard for the crow
That he lays out his grounds in a regular plan,
And covers his corn in a row.

4. "He must have a very great fancy for me;
He tries to entrap me enough,
But I measure his distance as well as he,
And when he comes near, I 'm off."

Glee. Joy; merriment.
Re-gard'. Respect; esteem; affection.
Fan'cy. Fondness; liking.
En-trap'. Catch in a trap.

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LVI. — THE COURT-MARTIAL.

PART I.

hĕlmṣ'man	guĭl'ty	vĕr'dict
prŏm'o-to-ry	wĭt'nĕss-eṣ	sĕn'tence
en-cămp'ment	ex-cür'sion	con-vĭct'ed

[This and the succeeding lesson are taken from "Wallace," one of the many excellent and instructive books written for young people by Jacob Abbott, and published by the Messrs. Harper. The scene is laid in Franconia, a place among the mountains at the North. Beechnut is a French Canadian boy, intelligent and good-natured, a great favorite with the other boys, and a leader in all their sports. Near the village is a pond of considerable size, with some small islands in it. Beechnut and the other boys have found a flat-bottomed boat on the pond, and fitted it up for sailing and rowing. Beechnut is the captain, and he appoints lieutenants under him, and the boys all agree to obey him. Parker is a village boy who wants to join the crew; but Beechnut will not let him till he agrees to be tried by court-martial for disobedience of orders on a former occasion, and he finally consents. A court-martial is a court of officers for trying men in the army and navy who neglect duty or disobey orders.]

BEECHNUT then, by means of certain directions to the helmsman, took the boat round a rocky promontory covered with forest-trees, into a shady cove situated upon the other side of it, and ordered the boys to take in the oars. He said that he was going now to attend to the court-martial

2. The court was to consist, he said, of the three lieutenants. He called those officers together, and directed them to take seats under the canopy.

3. He then ordered Golf and Arthur to bring up the prisoner. Golf took the chain from Parker's feet so as to enable him to walk, and fastened it, instead, around his

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arms, which Parker held, for this purpose, folded before him.

4. They then led the prisoner up in front of the canopy, and gave him a seat there upon a stool.

5. "You are accused," said Beechnut, "of disobedience of orders and desertion, on the day of our encampment in the woods: are you guilty or not guilty?"

6. "Not guilty," said Parker.

7. "Then I will call the witnesses," said Beechnut, "and the court will listen to the evidence."

8. While these proceedings had been going on, the oarsmen and all the rest of the crew had gathered near, and now stood crowding around in a circle, to listen to the proceedings. Beechnut looked around upon them all to select witnesses.

9. At length he called two or three boys forward, and directed them to state the facts. These boys said that once during the last winter, when they were on an excursion into the woods to form an encampment, they had on one of the sleds a bundle of buffalo robes, which they had intended to spread down upon the snow to sit upon before the fire.

10. When they reached the encampment, Parker not only would not help them build the fire, but went and took possession of the sled and the bundle of robes, and pulled them up to the fire and sat down upon them. When Beechnut directed him to give them up, he refused to do so. He also refused to help the boys about their work, both at the encampment and afterward on the march, thus deserting the service altogether.

11. Beechnut then asked Parker if he had anything to offer in his defence.

12. Parker said that he did not disobey in respect to

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building the fire, for Beechnut did not order him to help in that work. He did not refuse to give up the buffalo robes when Beechnut called for them, but, on the contrary, he said that he would give them up as soon as he had warmed his feet.

13. He said, moreover, that he did not desert at all, for he remained with the boys at the encampment, and kept with them all the way coming home, until he broke through the ice into the brook, and then he was obliged to run home as fast as he could to avoid taking cold; and he was sure that that was not desertion.

14. After Parker had finished saying all that he had to offer in his defence, Beechnut directed the three lieutenants to confer together and decide upon the verdict. They did so. In a few minutes the first lieutenant said that they had agreed that the prisoner was guilty of disobedience of orders, but not guilty of desertion.

15. Beechnut then ordered the prisoner to be taken back to the bows of the boat, saying that he would call him up again presently to receive his sentence.

16. Beechnut then ordered the oarsmen to take their place and man the oars. They were thus soon in readiness to proceed on their way again, and when the command was given they began to row, and the boat moved on through the water.

17. Beechnut gave directions to the helmsman to head the boat toward a certain wild and rocky island situated near the middle of the pond.

18. After proceeding for some minutes in this direction, the boys, at Beechnut's command, stopped their rowing, though they all remained in their places and held their oars motionless, resting on the gunwale of the boat and poised in the air. Beechnut then called upon the keepers to bring their prisoner aft to hear his sentence.

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19. Golf and Arthur accordingly led Parker up toward the quarter-deck, where Beechnut was standing; and then Beechnut, with a very grave face, and in a very serious and solemn tone of voice, told him that he had been tried by court-martial and convicted of disobedience of orders, and that his sentence was, to be put ashore upon an uninhabited island and abandoned there.

20. "You see the island," said Beechnut, pointing to the wild and rocky one which has already been mentioned. "You will find no inhabitants upon it but savages, and perhaps not even them. Your only chance will be to put a white flag on a pole, and thus perhaps some ship coming along may receive you.

21. "We shall not carry you actually to the land, but as soon as we get near it we shall throw you overboard, to find your way to the place as you can."

Prom'on-to-ry. High land extending into the sea.
Cove. A small creek or bay.
De-sĕr'tion. The act of deserting or leaving the army, or one's post, without permission, and without the intention of returning.
Con-vict'ed. Proved guilty.
Ver'dict. The decision or answer of a jury in relation to a cause on trial.
Sen'tence. The judgment of a court pronounced after the hearing of a cause.
Gun'wale. Upper part of a boat's side.

LVII. — THE COURT-MARTIAL.

PART II.

guīse	prĭş'on-ẹr	sür'face
rēa'şon-a-ble	trẹ-mĕn'dous	ĭm'plẹ-mĕnts
a-băn'doned	plŭnge	īsl'and

ALTHOUGH Beechnut said all this in a very grave and serious manner, yet Parker and all the other

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boys knew very well that his plan was, under the guise of punishment for Parker, to make amusement for the whole company.

2. Parker himself, who was an excellent swimmer, would like no better sport than to be thrown overboard from a boat, within any reasonable distance of land; and as to being abandoned on the island, he knew very well that Beechnut would not leave him there long.

3. He was, therefore, very well satisfied with his sentence, while, however, he pretended all the time to be in a state of extreme distress and trepidation. The other boys seemed to enjoy very highly the prospect of such a punishment, and began soon to evince the greatest excitement and hilarity.

4. When the boat was pretty near the shore, Beechnut ordered the boys to stop rowing, and then directed Parker to take off his hat, his jacket, and his shoes. The clothes that remained were very light and thin, and would do very little to impede the motion of the limbs in swimming.

5. In fact, the boys were very much accustomed to go into the water to swim with a part of their clothes on, especially when the day was so warm and sunny that the clothes would dry again very soon when they came out.

6. When Parker was ready, Beechnut ordered him to lie down upon his back, near the bow of the boat, and then designated six of the strongest boys in his crew to take their places on each side of him.

7. "Now, my men," said Beechnut, "when all is ready, I shall give you the command thus: 'Swing once! swing twice! swing thrice! and over!' and at the word 'over' you must pitch him head-foremost into the sea."

8. The six boys stood all ready.

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9. "Clinch him!" said Beechnut.

10. The six boys stooped down, and grasped the prisoner by his limbs and by his clothes, wherever they could best get hold, and raised him into the air.

11. "Swing once!" said Beechnut. "Swing twice! Swing three times, and over!"

12. And over he went at the word, with a tremendous plunge. He went down entirely, and the water closed over his head.

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13. Parker was so good a swimmer, and had so good a command of himself in the water, that he might have avoided going much below the surface, if he had been disposed to do so. He was rather proud of his powers as a diver, and he seemed to consider this a good opportunity of making a little exhibition of them.

14. Accordingly, instead of attempting to come up, he went down to the bottom. The boys watched for him from the boat. Presently they saw him coming into view again very far down in the dark water.

15. He came up rapidly to the surface, and then, tossing his hand out of the water, he threw a handful of pebble-stones over into the boat, and then swam off toward the shore.

16. "Now, my men," said Beechnut, "three cheers for the ejected mutineer." The boys gave the three cheers with great enthusiasm, and then at Beechnut's command they went to their places, manned the oars, and began to row along.

17. Parker, in the mean time, swam to the shore, and, climbing up upon the rocks, sat down in the sun, and, breaking off a branch from a little bush growing near him, he waved it in the air.

18. Beechnut proceeded to the Elephant, and landed the stores and implements which the boys had brought for their encampment, and left two boys there to make the preparations for the supper.

19. Then he took the boat, and went back to the island where Parker had been left, and took him on board. They then returned to the Elephant, where Parker signed his name on the list of the crew, and was thus reinstated in his former position as one of Beechnut's men.

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alarm ; fright.
Hi-lar'i-ty. Mirth ; good-humor ; glee.
Im-pede'. Hinder ; obstruct ; delay.
E-ject'ed. Thrown out.
Mu-ti-neer'. authority.
Im'ple-ment
Re-in-stat'ed sion.

What is a court-martial ? Where is Franconia ? order the boys to do ? To what place did Parker s next do to Parker ? How did Beechnut arrange t what was Parker accused, and what reply did he m Repeat the evidence of the witnesses. What State the sentence.

LVIII. — THE YOUNG DAN

MRS. CRAIK.

shiēld trăm'ple

1. I AM a bold fellow
As ever was seen,
With my shield of yellow,
In the grass green.

2. You may uproot me
From field and from lan
Trample me, cut me, —
I spring up again.

3. I never flinch, sir,
Wherever I dwell ;
Give me an inch, sir,
I 'll soon take an ell

4. Drive me from garden
In anger and pride,
I 'll thrive and harden
By the roadside.

5. Not a bit fearful,
Showing my face,
Always so cheerful,
In every place.

Up-root'. Tear up by the root.
Flinch. Shrink; withdraw; retreat.
Thrive. Prosper; grow vigorously.
Fear'ful. Afraid.

LIX. — THE BABY OF THE REGIMENT.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

Nọ-vĕm'bẹr	păs'sẹn-ġẹr	bạt-tăl'iọn
lătch	ser'ġẹant	rōgu'ish
colonel (kür'nẹl)	clōak	pi-ăz'za
rĕġ'i-mĕnt	cĕn'tre	mär'tiạl
băg'gaġe	ạt-tĕnd'ạnt	es-sĕn'tiạl

WE were in our winter camp on Port Royal Island, South Carolina. It was a lovely November morning, soft and spring-like; the mocking-birds were singing, and the cotton-fields still white with fleecy pods.

2. Morning drill was over: the men were cleaning their guns and singing very happily; the officers were in their tents, reading still more happily their letters just arrived from home. Suddenly I heard a knock at my tent door, and the latch clicked.

3. It was the only latch in camp, and I was very proud

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of it, and the officers always clicked it as loudly as possible, in order to gratify my feelings. The door opened, and the Quartermaster thrust in the most beaming face I ever saw.

4. "Colonel," said he, "there are great news for the regiment. My wife and baby are coming by the next steamer!"

5. "Baby!" said I, in amazement. "Q. M., you are beside yourself." (We always called the Quartermaster Q. M. for shortness.) "There was a pass sent to your wife, but nothing was ever said about a baby. Baby indeed!"

6. "But the baby was included in the pass," replied the triumphant father-of-a-family. "You don't suppose my wife would come down here without her baby. Besides, the pass itself permits her to bring necessary baggage, and is not a baby six months old necessary baggage?"

7. In due time the steamer arrived, and Baby and her mother were among the passengers. The little thing was soon settled in her new cradle, and slept in it as if she had never known any other. The Sergeant's wife soon had her on exhibition through the neighborhood, and from that time forward she was quite a little queen among us.

8. She had sweet blue eyes and pretty brown hair, with round, dimpled cheeks, and that perfect dignity which is so beautiful in a baby. She hardly ever cried, and was not at all timid.

9. She would go to anybody, and yet did not encourage any romping from any but the most intimate friends. She always wore a warm, long-sleeved scarlet cloak with a hood, and in this costume was carried, or "toted," as the colored soldiers said, all about the camp.

10. At "guard-mounting" in the morning, when the

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men who are to go on guard-duty for the day are drawn up to be inspected, Baby was always there to help inspect them. She did not say much, but she eyed them very closely, and seemed fully to appreciate their bright buttons.

11. Then the officer-of-the-day, who appears at guard-mounting with his sword and sash, and comes afterwards to the Colonel's tent for orders, would come and speak to Baby on his way, and receive her orders first.

12. When the time came for drill, she was usually present to watch the troops; and when the drum beat for dinner, she liked to see the long row of men in each company march up to the cook-house, in single file, each with tin cup and plate.

13. During the day, in pleasant weather she might be seen in her nurse's arms, about the company streets, the centre of an admiring circle, her scarlet costume looking very pretty amidst the shining black cheeks and neat blue uniforms of the soldiers. At "dress-parade," just before sunset, she was always an attendant.

14. As I stood before the regiment, I could see out of the corner of my eye the little spot of red at one end of the long line of men; and I looked with so much interest for her small person, that, instead of saying at the proper time, "Attention, Battalion! Shoulder arms!" it is a wonder that I did not say, "Shoulder babies!"

15. Our little lady was very impartial, and distributed her kind looks to everybody. She had not the slightest prejudice against color, and did not care in the least whether her particular friends were black or white.

16. Her especial favorites, I think, were the little drummer-boys, who were not my favorites by any means; for they were a set of roguish little scamps, and gave more trouble than all the grown men in the regiment.

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17. I think Annie liked them because they were small, and made a noise, and had red caps like her hood, and red facings on their jackets, and also because they occasionally stood on their heads for her amusement.

18. After dress-parade the whole drum-corps would march to the great flag-staff and wait till just sunset-time, when they would beat on their drums what is called "the retreat," and then the flag would be hauled down, — a great festival for Annie.

19. Sometimes the Serjeant-major would wrap her in the great folds of the flag, after it was taken down, and she would peep out very prettily from amidst the stars and stripes, like a little new-born Goddess of Liberty.

20. Baby had evidently a natural turn for war, further cultivated by an intimate knowledge of drills and parades. Peaceful as her own little ways might be, the nearer she came to actual conflict the better she seemed to like it. On such occasions Baby was in all her glory.

21. She shouted with delight at being suddenly uncribbed and thrust into her little scarlet cloak, and brought down stairs, at an unusual and improper hour, to a piazza with lights and people and horses and general excitement.

22. She crowed and gurgled and made gestures with her little fists, and screamed out what seemed to be her advice on the military situation, as freely as if she had been a newspaper editor.

23. However, at last the danger, such as it was, would be all over, and the ladies would be induced to go peacefully to bed again; and Annie would retreat with them to her ignoble cradle, very much disappointed, and looking vainly back at the more martial scene below.

24. The next morning she would seem to have forgotten all about it, and would spill her bread-and-milk by the fire as if nothing had happened.

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25. I suppose we hardly knew, at the time, how large a part of the sunshine of our daily lives was contributed by dear little Annie. Yet, when I now look back on that pleasant Southern home, she seems as essential a part of it as the mocking-birds or the magnolias, and I cannot convince myself that in returning to it I should not find her there.

26. But Annie went back, with the spring, to her Northern birthplace, and then passed away from this earth before her little feet had fairly learned to tread its paths; and when I meet her next, it must be in some world where there is triumph without armies, and where innocence is trained in scenes of peace.

27. I know, however, that her little life, short as it seemed, was a blessing to us all, giving a perpetual image of serenity and sweetness, recalling the lovely atmosphere of far-off homes, and holding us by unsuspected ties to whatsoever things were pure.

Quar'ter-mas'ter. An officer whose business it is to look after the quarters of the soldiers, and to attend to their clothing, food, ammunition, etc.

In-spect'ed. Examined; looked into; surveyed.

Im-par'tial. Unprejudiced; just; fair.

Mar'tial. Suited to war or battle.

Es-sen'tial. Very important; necessary.

Se-ren'i-ty. Peace; quietness.

LX. — THE COMING OF WINTER.

rŏbbed	rĕn'dẹred	sŭm'mẹr
shĭv'ẹr	hĕalth'y	glăd'sọme

1. OLD Winter came forth in his robe of white,
He sent the sweet flowers far out of sight,
He robbed the trees of their green leaves quite,
And froze the pond and the river;

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He spoiled the butterfly's gauzy vest,
He ordered the birds not to build their nest,
He banished the frog to his four months' rest,
And he made all the children shiver.

2. Yet he did some good with his icy tread,
For he kept the grain-seeds warm in their bed;
He dried up the damp which the rain had spread,
And rendered the air more healthy;
He taught the boys to slide, and he flung
Rich Christmas gifts o'er the old and the young,
And when cries for food from the poor were wrung,
He opened the purse of the wealthy.

3. We like the Spring, with its fine, fresh air;
We like the Summer, with flowers so fair;
We like the fruits we in Autumn share;
And we like, too, old Winter's greeting:
His touch is cold, but his heart is warm;
So, though he may bring to us wind and storm,
We look with a smile on his well-known form,
And ours is a gladsome meeting.

Gaus'y. Thin; transparent; resembling gauze.
Ban'ished. Drove away.
Ren'dered. Made.
Glad'some. Gay; delighted.

LXI. — EMPLOYMENT.

spăr'rōw	măr'i-gōld	neigh'bọr (nā'bụr)
bŭzz	cọm-păn'iọn	löĭ'tẹr

1. "WHO 'LL come here and play with me under the tree?
My sisters have left me alone:
Ah! sweet little sparrow, come hither to me,
And play with me while they are gone."

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2. "O no, little lady, I can't come, indeed,
I 've no time to idle away,
I 've got all my dear little children to feed,
They 've not had a morsel to-day."

3. "Pretty bee, do not buzz in that marigold flower,
But come here and play with me, do;
The sparrow won't come and stay with me an hour,
But say, pretty bee, will not you?"

4. "O no, little lady, for do not you see
Those must work who would prosper and thrive?
If I play, they will call me a sad, idle bee,
And perhaps turn me out of the hive."

5. "Stop, stop, little ant, do not run off so fast,
Wait with me a little and play;
I hope I shall find a companion at last,
You are not so busy as they."

6. "O no, little lady, I can't stay with you,
We are not made to play, but to labor;
I always have something or other to do,
If not for myself, for a neighbor."

7. "How is this? they all have employment but me,
Whilst I loiter here like a dunce:
O then, like the sparrow, the ant, and the bee,
I 'll go to my lesson at once."

Mor'sel. Mouthful; piece.
Bus'y. Occupied in business; employed with diligence.
Loi'ter. Linger; idle.
La'bor. To work hard; to toil.
Em-ploy'ment. Business; occupation; work.

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LXII. — LITTLE CHERRY'S MISSION.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

hōme'lęss	sŏr'ry	restaurant (rĕs'tę-räng')
Dę-cĕm'bęr	coŭr'a̤ge	troŭb'le
cürl'y	pĭl'lōw	mĭs'siọn

HOMELESS and forlorn, little Cherry was wandering about the streets of New York on a cold December day. She had begged a few pennies, and with them had bought some cake at a corner stall. She had occasionally warmed her chilled limbs over the grating in restaurants, enjoying the savory steam arising from the room below.

2. And now night had come. The shop windows sparkled with lights; the rows of street lamps twinkled like stars. All were hurrying to pleasant homes and warm suppers. Cherry alone stood and shivered, as she paused in front of a brilliant show window.

3. She remembered how happy she had been in her mother's time. She thought of the warm affection she had borne towards old Granny as she called her, and how kind she had been to her dear mother in her last illness.

4. Her eyes filled with tears as she remembered these things, and how she had afterwards lived with old "Gran," who went about the streets with a hand-organ, while Cherry sang. But now Gran was dead, and on Saturday somebody was coming to take her to Ward's Island, where homeless children were cared for.

5. Cherry did not wish to go there, and had run away that morning, and was now a wanderer. As she was thinking it all over, there came to her, in a vague, childish

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way, a pleasant talk she had heard at Sunday School, — how God cared for every little child, and helped each one to be good, and how each one in turn had some mission to perform. Could it be true? There did not seem anything for her but to starve, or perish with the cold, or — to go to Ward's Island. She shivered, and drew her thin shawl closer around her shoulders.

6. Just then Julian Evans, walking briskly along, gave her a passing glance. His eyes were bright and his cheeks rosy, his warm coat was buttoned up to a round and dimpled chin, and his curly chestnut hair fell over his ears.

7. He was a brisk, healthy, and spirited fellow. He entered the store, and Cherry saw him talking earnestly with the storekeeper. The light in his eyes went down suddenly, and the corners of his mouth lost their smile. Cherry felt so sorry for him.

8. "The lowest is twelve dollars," said the man, placing some curious boxes on the counter. "This is a very good article. Let me wind it up."

9. Such music as it made! Julian listened with a throbbing heart. He wanted it for little pale Alice at home, who loved music so dearly! If he could only do something to make his sister happier the little while she was to be with him! This was her birthday.

10. He had been doing a little extra work, and had been saving up all his money to buy a music-box for his sick sister. He had only eight dollars, and it would take so long to earn the rest. O, if he were only a man! He brushed away a tear.

11. "I will put it at eleven," said the man. Julian's heart swelled. If the man would only trust him for the rest! but he, a stranger, — that was a foolish thought.

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The little music-box rang out its tunes all this while. Presently it came to "Home, Sweet Home."

12. Cherry, standing at the window, hungry and homeless, joined with her voice. Why, she could not tell, for she was almost crying. The passers-by stopped to listen. Julian walked out to the door. What a voice the child had! — so like that of a bird.

13. As the last note died away, he went up to her. "Who taught you to sing?" he asked.

14. "No one."

15. "Where do you live?"

16. "I have no home. I did live with Granny, but she is dead. She went round with an organ."

17. "Where are you going to-night?"

18. "I do not know." She glanced furtively down the street.

19. Julian looked in the window again, — not at music-boxes this time, for he was thinking of this poor child, and the other little one at home. What if he were to take this child home with him? She could sing to Alice, and could save his mother many steps. It would cost something to take care of her, and they were poor; but then his eight dollars would last awhile.

20. "Do you know any other songs?" he asked.

21. "O yes, ever so many. I would gladly sing them for you, you seem so kind."

22. "I have a little sick sister at home, who is very fond of music; would you like to go and sing to her?"

23. "O yes, very much!"

24. As they turned into a lonely by-street, Julian wanted to put his arm around her, to help keep her warm; but he did not have the courage. How the frosty air must blow through her thin clothing! One more

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corner and they were there. The light from the open door almost blinded Cherry, and the warmth of the room was very comforting!

25. "Mother, I have brought home a poor little girl, who has no friends, and I want Alice to hear her sing."

26. Alice raised from the pillow her head, fair and golden; and Cherry's was also fair and golden when she pulled off the old hood. You might almost fancy they looked alike, save that Alice's cheek was bright red, while Cherry's was blue with the cold.

27. Cherry, when warmed and fed, soon thawed into a charming sunniness. She sang many wonderful ballads, and made the room ring with the music of her voice, to the great enjoyment of Alice. She told them her story, and that of her own dear mother, who had first called her Cherry, while Mrs. Evans's tears fell silently on her work.

26. When both girls had been dismissed to bed, Julian told how he had been saving his money for the music-box; "and now," said he, "I will give it all to you, to help take care of Cherry."

29. They kept little Cherry, who soon grew round and rosy, and seemed to deserve her name. She soon became so useful that they wondered how they had ever managed without her. She was always bright, ever singing like a bird, and full of tender love for Alice.

30. The sick child seemed so happy that they hardly realized that she was growing weaker and weaker day by day, until at last she lay in her mother's arms, waiting peacefully until the angel of Death came and took her to heaven.

31. This seemed harder to poor little Cherry than even her mother's death; and now that Alice was gone where other voices would sing to her day and night, no one

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dreary!

32. "Mother," said Julian one night, "
about Cherry? She will not be muc
Let us keep her. I do not feel as if
with her."

33. "Part with her!" said Mrs. E
know how I could have given up my
had not sent Cherry to take her place."

34. And so little Cherry found her n
up into womanhood, tenderly cared for,
the cold night in the street, when, homel
she had sung because her heart was stra
she could not help it. The truth she
at Sunday School, "God cares for us all

For-lorn'. Destitute; forsaken; wretched.
Res'tau-rant. An eating-house.
Sa'vor-y. Pleasing to the smell or taste.
Vague. Unc
Dis-missed'.
Man'aged.
ducted affai
Need'ed. W

LXIII.—THE ANT AND THE

A FABLE, IN VERSE.

sĭl'ly — făm'ine
crĭck'et — drĭp'ping
cŭp'board (kŭb'bŭrd) — bŏr'rōw

1. A SILLY young cricket, accustome
Through the warm, sunny mont
and spring,
Began to complain when he found that,

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Not a crumb to be found
On the snow-covered ground;
Not a flower could he see,
Not a leaf on a tree:
"Oh! what will become," says the cricket, "of me?"

2. At last, by starvation and famine made bold,
All dripping with wet, and all trembling with cold,
Away he set off to a miserly ant,
To see if, to keep him alive, he would grant
Him shelter from rain,
And a mouthful of grain.
He wished only to borrow;
He 'd repay it to-morrow;
If not, he must die of starvation and sorrow.

3. Says the ant to the cricket, "I 'm your servant and friend,
But we ants never borrow, we ants never lend.
But tell me, dear cricket, did you lay nothing by
When the weather was warm?" Quoth the cricket, "Not I!
My heart was so light
That I sang day and night,
For all nature looked gay."
"You sang, sir, you say?
Go, then," says the ant, "and dance winter away."

4. Thus ending, he hastily lifted the wicket,
And out of the door turned the poor little cricket.
Folk call this a *fable*. I 'll warrant it *true:*
Some crickets have *four* legs, and some have but two.

Mi'ser-ly. Stingy; mean.
Re-pay'. Pay back.
Quoth. Said; replied.
Wick'et. A small gate.
Fa'ble. A fictitious story designed to enforce some moral precept.

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LXIV. — THE SQUIRREL AND THE CHESTNUTS.

H. S. WASHBURNE.

1. "I PRAY you, good sir, do not molest me,"
Said a squirrel, from under an old chestnut-tree;
"The winter is coming, and I must prepare
For food and for shelter when the ground is all bare.
I have frolicked and played through the long summer's day,
But now I have something to do besides play:
So, good sir, if you please, pray do not molest me,
While I gather the nuts from the old chestnut-tree.

2. "I have made me a storehouse just under the wall,
My hands they have formed and fashioned it all,
And when the wind roars, and the loud tempests beat,
I shall be quite as happy as a king on his seat.
No want shall I know, for in the snug corner there
Is just such a nest as I love to prepare;
And with food laid in store for full many a day,
I 'll care not how rudely the winter winds play:
So, good sir, if you please, pray do not molest me,
While I gather the nuts from the old chestnut-tree."

3. And thus spake the squirrel, as quickly he sprung
From the ground to the tree, and on the branch swung;
And my heart it replied, "I 'll not molest you,
My dear little fellow, for you 've something to do:
But a lesson I 'll learn from thy prudence and care,
For I for the winter days, too, must prepare."
So fresh courage he took at these kind words from me,
And gathered the nuts from the old chestnut-tree.

Store'house. A building in which things are stored, or laid up for future use.

Snug. Close; convenient.

Pre-pare'. Get ready; make all things ready.

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LXV. — SELLING LUCKY.

mĭd'dle	bär'gain	ŏf'fice
plăt'förm	piēce	shōul'dẹr
ạc-cŏm'pạ-nied	pär'cẹl	cŏûn'tẹr-fe'ĭt
dịs-ạp-pēared'	dŏl'lạr	ĭm-pā'tient

[This lesson is from "Selling Lucky," a story by Jacob Abbott, forming one of a series of stories of "Rainbow and Lucky." Rainbow is a colored youth, very good-natured and intelligent, and a general favorite. Lucky is a horse that Rainbow takes care of and is very fond of. Rainbow is sent to Boston with Lucky with instructions to sell him. On the way he falls in with Truman, a counterfeiter, who agrees to buy Lucky, intending to pay for him in bad money. He makes an appointment to meet Rainbow at the railway-station. Rainbow, who is very shrewd and cautious, asks Mr. Jones, the ticket-agent, to count the money and see that it is all right. Mr. Jones lays a plan to arrest Truman, which is successful.]

RAINBOW went back into the gentlemen's waiting-room, and took his seat on a bench. There was a table, with some chairs near it, in the middle of the room. In one corner was a small opening which led to the ticket-seller's office. By the side of this opening a door led into the office.

2. In a few minutes after Rainbow took his seat he saw Mr. Jones coming in. He entered by the door which led in from the platform, and was accompanied by another man.

3. Mr. Jones did not appear to take any notice of Rainbow, but went directly to the door leading to his office, unlocked and opened it, and went in. The other man went in too.

4. Afterward Rainbow could see Mr. Jones through the

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opening occupied with his tickets and his money, but the man who went in with him disappeared.

5. It was now one quarter past nine, and Rainbow waited about fifteen minutes, and then Mr. Truman came.

6. "Ah!" said Mr. Truman, "you are here, punctual as usual. We can close the business at once. I saw the horse at the post as I came by, and I don't think I like the looks of him quite so well as I thought I should, now that I see him in the open day. Still, I always stand to my bargains, and so I have brought you the money.

7. "Here is the bill of sale, too, which you are to sign. If you will run it over with your eye, I believe you will find it all right."

8. As he said this, Mr. Truman took from his pocket-book a piece of paper, which he gave to Rainbow. He also took out a small pocket inkstand and a pen, and laid them both down upon the table.

9. While doing these things he cast his eye, somewhat uneasily, once or twice in the direction of the ticket-office; but, as the ticket-seller seemed to be entirely occupied with his own concerns, and to be paying no attention to what was going on at the table, he proceeded.

10. Rainbow read the bill of sale, and said that it was all right. Then Mr. Truman took out from his pocket-book a parcel of bills, which he laid down upon the table before Rainbow, saying, "There! you will find just the figure there, I believe, — one hundred and twenty-five dollars."

11. Rainbow took the money and began to count it. As he counted he said, —

12. "I am not much used to counting money myself, and so I have asked Mr. Jones to come and count it over for me."

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13. "Yes," said Mr. Jones, calling out from the ticket-office, "I will be out directly."

14. Mr. Truman seemed struck with consternation at this announcement. He, however, tried to preserve an air of calmness and composure.

15. "Let me look at that money a moment," said he; "I believe there is one ten-dollar-bill too much. I took ten dollars for myself out of the bank, which I forgot."

16. So saying, Mr. Truman took the money again out of Rainbow's hands without waiting for Rainbow to give it to him, and in an agitated and hurried manner began to count it.

17. Then, in a moment, and before he had counted over half of the parcel, he suddenly rose from his seat and said, "Excuse me one moment. I just saw a gentleman on the platform that I want to speak with. Wait for me here. I 'll be back in five minutes."

18. Mr. Truman went at once to the door leading to the platform, with the bills in his hand.

19. He was met there by two porters belonging to the station, who stopped at the door.

20. "Wait a minute, sir," said one of them.

21. Just at that instant Mr. Jones, accompanied by the man whom he had taken with him to the office, came up behind.

22. The man put his hand upon Mr. Truman's shoulder and said, "Mr. Truman, I am an officer. You are my prisoner."

23. Mr. Truman appeared frightened and bewildered. For an instant he seemed disposed to make a desperate attempt to get away. But the men all gathered around him, and evinced so resolute a bearing that he saw at once that all resistance would be useless.

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24. "You see we are pretty strong-handed, Mr. Truman," said the officer, "so that there would be no use in your attempting to resist us. It would only make a disturbance, which would be equally unpleasant to you and to me; so you may as well go with me quietly. We have had our eyes upon you for some time."

25. The criminal muttered something to himself, as the officer and another man took hold of his arms, and continued talking incoherently as his conductors led him away. His countenance was pale, and wore an expression of bewildered and stupid despair.

26. Rainbow stood by while this scene was enacting, almost as astonished and bewildered as Mr. Truman. As soon as he came to himself a little, and reflected on the narrow escape he had made, he exclaimed in a low but exceedingly emphatic tone of voice, —

27. "Lucky, what a dreadful scrape you came nigh getting me into!

28. "But stop; I must go and see if Lucky is safe." And so saying, he hurried into the yard where he had left Lucky fastened to the post.

29. He found him still standing there, safe, though a little impatient. Rainbow went up to him and put his arms around his neck in a very affectionate manner.

30. "Lucky," said he, "you came pretty near being sold. But you have had an escape that would frighten you if you could only know about it. Poor Lucky!"

Punct'u-al. Observing or done at the precise time; prompt.
Par'cel. A small bundle or quantity.
Con-ster-na'tion. Excessive alarm; terror; fright.
An-nounce'ment. Declaration.
Ag'i-tat-ed. Disturbed; excited.
Dis-posed'. Arranged; inclined.
At-tempt'. An effort to gain a point; endeavor.
E-vinced'. Showed clearly; made evident.
Coun'ter-feit. Forged; not genuine.
Em-phat'ic. Forcible; strong.

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LXVI. — THE ENGINEER.

ĕn-ġi-nēēr′	bę-grīmed′	vĭl′laġe
ca-rēēr′	căn′non	crŏss′ing

1. AH! who ever thinks of the bold engineer,
As he stands by his weapon of steel,
And spurs on a steed to its maddened career,
In a thundering and ponderous reel?
Like a soldier begrimed in battle's dark strife,
And brave to the cannon's hot breath,
He, too, plunges on with his long train of life,
Unmindful of danger or death!
Through the daylight,
Into the night,
Dark, dark,
He knows no affright,
O'er ridges
And bridges,
Decayed or strong,
How god-like he stands as he rushes along!
Who thinks of the bold engineer?

2. So true to his post, like a statue he stands,
With his eyes fixed fast on afar;
Our own precious lives he holds in his hands,
Our wealth we trust to his care.
For good must he be, the bold engineer,
As he dashes from village to town,
And brings us all safe, midst a smile or a tear,
To the forms so dearly our own!
Onward he goes,
His whistle he blows, —
Deep, deep,
Through high-drifted snows;

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And tossings,
In heat and in rain,
O'er the glittering track he pulls the
All hail to the bold engineer!

Ca-reer'. Race; course of action.
Be-grimed'. Soiled with soot or dirt.
Af-fright'. T

LXVII. — NEW-YEAR'S

PART I.

strŭg'gling scăt'ter
rāil'ing âu'tumn

1. LITTLE Gretchen, little Gr
Wanders up and down t
The snow is on her yellow hair,
The frost is at her feet.
The rows of long, dark houses
Without look cold and damp,
By the struggling of the moonb
By the flicker of the lamp.

2. The clouds ride fast as horses,
The wind is from the north,
But no one cares for Gretchen,
And no one looketh forth.
Within those dark, damp house
Are merry faces bright,

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And the thin, thin, tattered mantle
The wind blows every way,
She clingeth to the railing,
She shivers in the gloom.
There are parents sitting snugly
By firelight in the room;

4. And children with grave faces
Are whispering one another
Of presents for the New Year,
For father or for mother.
But no one talks to Gretchen,
And no one hears her speak,
No breath of little whisperers
Comes warmly to her cheek.

5. No little arms are round her;
Ah me! that there should be,
With so much happiness on earth,
So much of misery!
Sure, they of many blessings
Should scatter blessings round,
As laden boughs in autumn
Fling their ripe fruits to the ground.

6. And the best love man can offer
To the God of love, be sure,
Is kindness to his little ones,
And bounty to his poor.
Little Gretchen, little Gretchen,
Goes coldly on her way;
There 's no one looketh out at her,

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7. Her home is cold and desolate ;
   No smile, no food, no fire,
   But children clamorous for bread,
   And an impatient sire.
   So she sits down in an angle
   Where two great houses meet,
   And she curleth up beneath her,
   For warmth, her little feet ;

8. And she looketh on the cold wall,
   And on the colder sky,
   And wonders if the little stars
   Are bright fires up on high.

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With such a sad and solemn tone,
Telling the midnight hour.

9. And she remembers her of tales
Her mother used to tell,
And of the cradle-songs she sang,
When summer twilights fell;
Of good men and of angels,
And of the Holy Child,
Who was cradled in a manger,
When winter was most wild;

10. Who was poor, and cold, and hungry,
And desolate and lone;
And she thought the song had told
He was ever with his own;
And all the poor and hungry
And forsaken ones are His, —
"How good of Him to look on me
In such a place as this!"

n'ty. Goodness; generosity; esents or gifts.
o-late. Lonely; comfortless.
Clam'or-ous. Noisy; boisterou
Sire. Father.
For-sak'en. Deserted; abando

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PART II.

prĕss'ụre	Chrĭst'mas (krĭs-)	fore'
frā'grạnt	mĭṣ'ẹr-ạ-ble	bĭt't

1. COLDER it grows and colde
But she does not feel it
For the pressure at her heart,
And the weight upon her bro
But she struck one little match
On the wall so cold and bare,
That she might look around her
And see if He were there.

2. The single match has kindled,
And by the light it threw
It seemed to little Gretchen
The wall was rent in two;
And she could see folks seated
At a table richly spread,
With heaps of goodly viands,
Red wine and pleasant bread

3. She could smell the fragrant sa
She could hear what they di
Then all was darkness once aga
The match had burned away.
She struck another hastily;
And now she seemed to see

Bright gifts for boy and maiden, —
She saw them with her eyes,
And she almost seemed to touch them,
And to join the welcome shout,
When darkness fell around her,
For the little match was out.

5. Another, yet another,
She has tried: they will not light;
Till all her little store she took
And struck with all her might;
And the whole miserable place
Was lighted with the glare,
And she dreamed there stood a little child
Before her in the air.

6. There were blood drops on his forehead,
A spear-wound in his side,
And cruel nail-prints in his feet,
And in his hands spread wide.
And he looked upon her gently,
And she felt that he had known
Pain, hunger, cold, and sorrow, —
Ay, equal to her own.

7. And he pointed to the laden board
And to the Christmas tree,
Then up to the cold sky, and said,
"Will Gretchen come with me?"
The poor child felt her pulses fail,
She felt her eyeballs swim,

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8. And she folded both her thin white hands,
And turned from that bright board,
And from the golden gifts, and said,
"With thee, with thee, O Lord!"
The chilly winter morning
Breaks up in the dull skies
On the city wrapt in vapor,
On the spot where Gretchen lies.

9. In her scant and tattered garment,
With her back against the wall,
She sitteth cold and rigid,
She answers to no call.
They have lifted her up fearfully;
They shuddered as they said,
"It was a bitter, bitter night!
The child is frozen dead."

10. The angels sang their greeting
For one more redeemed from sin.
Men said, "It was a bitter night;
Would no one let her in?"
And they shivered as they spoke of her,
And sighed. They could not see
How much of happiness there was
After that misery.

Rent. Broken; split; torn.
Vi'ands. Food; victuals.
Rig'id. Stiff; not to be bent.
Greet'ing. A friendly salutation at meeting.
Re-deemed'. Rescued; delivered.

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LXIX. — MALIBRAN AND THE YOUNG MUSICIAN.

grāte'fûl	mĕd'i-cĭne	mĕl'o-dy
an-nöûnc'ing	ad-mĭt'ted	dĭmmed
ēa'ger	rŭs'tling	ĕl'o-quĕnt

IN a humble room in one of the poorer streets of London, little Pierre, a fatherless French boy, sat humming by the bedside of his sick mother. There was no bread in the closet, and for the whole day he had not tasted food. Yet he sat humming, to keep up his spirits.

2. Still, at times he thought of his loneliness and hunger, and he could scarcely keep the tears from his eyes; for he knew nothing would be so grateful to his poor invalid mother as a good sweet orange, and yet he had not a penny in the world.

3. The little song he was singing was his own, — one he had composed with air and words; for the child was a genius.

4. He went to the window, and, looking out, saw a man putting up a great bill with yellow letters, announcing that Madame Malibran would sing that night in public.

5. "Oh, if I could only go!" thought little Pierre; and then, pausing a moment, he clasped his hands, his eyes lighted with a new hope. Running to the little stand, he smoothed down his yellow curls, and, taking from a little box some old, stained paper, gave one eager glance at his mother, who slept, and ran speedily from the house.

* * * * *

6. "Who did you say is waiting for me?" said the lady to her servant. "I am already worn out with company."

7. "It is only a very pretty little boy, with yellow curls,

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be sorry, and he will not keep you a mom

8. "Oh! well, let him come," said the with a smile; "I can never refuse childre

9. Little Pierre came in, his hat under his hand a little roll of paper. With ma in a child, he walked straight to the la said, "I came to see you, because my mot and we are too poor to buy food and medi that perhaps, if you would only sing my li of your grand concerts, maybe some publ it for a small sum; and so I could buy fo for my mother."

10. The beautiful woman rose from he and stately she was; she took the little ro and lightly hummed the air.

11. "Did you compose it?" she asked, And the words? Would you like to c cert?" she asked, after a few moments of

12. "Oh yes!" and the boy's eyes grew piness, "but I could n't leave my mother.

13. "I will send somebody to take care for the evening; and here is a crown, wit go and purchase food and medicine. He my tickets. Come to-night; that will ad near me."

14. Almost beside himself with joy, Pi oranges and many a little luxury besides, home to the poor invalid, telling her, not his good fortune.

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* * * *

in so grand a place. The music, the myriad lights, the beauty, the flashing of diamonds and the rustling of silks, bewildered his eyes and his brain.

16. At last she came; and the child sat with his glance riveted upon her glorious face. Could he believe that the grand lady, all blazing with jewels, and whom everybody seemed to worship, would really sing his little song?

17. Breathless he waited: the band, the whole band, struck up a little, plaintive melody; he knew it, and clapped his hands for joy. And oh, how she sung it! It was so simple, so mournful, so soul-subduing. Many a bright eye dimmed with tears, and naught could be heard but the touching words of that little song, — oh, so touching!

18. Pierre went home as if he were walking on the air. What cared he for money now? The greatest singer in all Europe had sung his little song, and thousands had wept at his grief.

19. The next day he was surprised by a visit from Madame Malibran. She laid her hand on his yellow curls, and, turning to the sick woman, said, "Your little boy, madam, has brought you a fortune. I was offered, this morning, by the best publisher in London, three hundred pounds for his little song; and after he has realized a certain amount from the sale, little Pierre, here, is to share the profits. Madam, thank God that your son has a gift from heaven."

20. The noble-hearted singer and the poor woman wept together. As for Pierre, always mindful of Him who watches over the tried and the tempted, he knelt down by his mother's bedside, and uttered a simple but eloquent prayer, asking God's blessing on the kind lady who had deigned to notice their affliction.

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21. The memory of that prayer made the singer even more tender-hearted; and she who was the idol of England's nobility went about doing good. And in her early, happy death, he who stood by her bed, and smoothed her pillow, and lightened her last moments by his undying affection, was the little Pierre of former days, — now rich, accomplished, and the most talented composer of the day.

22. All honor to those great hearts who, from their high stations, send down bounty to the widow, and to the fatherless child!

Com-posed'. Invented; written.
State'ly. Grand; majestic; dignified.
Be-wil'dered. Perplexed; confounded.
Riv'et-ed. Fastened firmly; fixed.
Plain'tive. Mournful; sad.
Mind'ful. Bearing in mind; heedful.
Deigned. Thought fit; condescended.

In what city did Pierre live? Where is it? Who composed the song he was singing? What attracted his attention as he looked out of the window? What did Pierre do? Describe the boy's visit to the great singer. What part of the concert was of the greatest interest to Pierre? What were his feelings as he walked home? What good fortune did the song bring to Pierre? How did he show his appreciation of it?

LXX. — THE THREE RULES.

rēad	ọb-jĕc'tiọnṣ	dẹ-cĭ''ṣiọn
prọ-cēēd'ẹd	wĭll'ing	cọm-mĕnd'
dĭf'fi-cŭl-ty	fī'nạl-ly	ẹx-ăct'ly

[This lesson is from "Ellen Linn," one of the Franconia stories, by Jacob Abbott. Ellen and Annie are sisters. Ellen, who is a good deal older than Annie, has been living with her Aunt Randon, and has now come home to live with her mother, after her father's death. Annie, though naturally a good child, is disobedient to her mother, and careless and negligent in her duties. Ellen wishes to correct her

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bad habits, and shows her a picture, at the bottom of which the Three Rules were written, and then the story goes on.]

When you consent, consent cordially.
When you refuse, refuse finally.
Commend often : never scold.

ANNIE began to read these rules, and though she proceeded slowly and with difficulty, she at length came to the end.

2. "What does it all mean?" said she.

3. "They are Aunt Randon's rules," said Ellen. "They show what I must do to take care of you, if you are going to be my girl."

4. "How?" said Annie; and so she began to read the rules over again, one by one, for Ellen to explain them.

5. "*When you consent, consent cordially,*" said Annie, reading.

6. "That means," said Ellen, "that when you come to ask me to let you go anywhere, or do anything, I must not answer hastily, but consider the objections first myself; and if I think on the whole that I will let you go, I must say 'Yes' willingly, without troubling you about the objections. For instance, if you ask me to let you go out and play some day when you are not very well, and I consider on the whole I should be willing to let you go, I must not say, 'Why, Annie, I would not go if I were you. You are not well, and perhaps you might take cold; and, besides, it is not very pleasant. But still you may go, if you wish to go very much."

7. "What must you say, then?" said Annie.

8. "I must say, 'Yes, I think it will be safe; and you will have a good time, I have no doubt. You must be dressed warmly, and then I think there will be no danger.'"

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9. "Yes," said Annie, "I would a great deal rather that you would say that."

10. "That is what my Aunt Randon used to say."

11. "And now the next rule," said Annie. So Annie went on to read the next rule, as follows, "*When you refuse, refuse finally.*"

12. "And what does that mean?" said Annie.

13. "It means," replied Ellen, "that if, after thinking of the subject, I conclude that it is not best for you to go, and once say so, that must end the matter. You must not ask me any more to let you go. I must not alter my decision."

14. Annie was silent. She hardly knew what to think of such a rule as this.

15. "How do you like that rule?" said Ellen.

16. "Pretty well," said Annie, "but not so well as the other."

17. Annie then proceeded to read the third rule. "*Commend often; never scold.*"

18. "That's a good rule," said Annie. "I don't like to be scolded. But what does *commend* mean?"

19. "It means praise, — not exactly praise either. It means that if you try to be a good girl, I must be pleased with you, and let you see that I am pleased."

20. "Yes," said Annie, "I think that is a good rule. They are all good rules."

Pro-ceed'ed. Went on; advanced.
Con-sent'. Assent; yield; allow.
Cord'ial-ly. Sincerely; heartily.
In'stance. Example.
Fi'nal-ly. Decisively; in conclusion.
Al'ter. Change; make different.
Ex-act'ly. Precisely; correctly.

Repeat each of the three rules. What does the first rule mean? Why do you suppose Annie did not like the second rule so well as the first? What does *commend* mean?

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LXXI.—FRANKLIN IN PHILADELPHIA.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

joür'ney	cŏp'pẹr	rị-dĭc'ụ-loŭs
Phĭl-ạ-dĕl'phi-ạ	bĭs'cuit (bĭs'kĭt)	drâught
fĭg'ụre	âwk'wạrd	rẹ-frĕshed'

I HAVE been the more particular in this description of my journey to Philadelphia, and shall be so of my first entry into that city, that you may in your mind compare such unlikely beginnings with the figures I have since made there.

2. I was in my working dress, my best clothes being to come round by sea. I was dirty from my journey; my pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no soul, or where to look for lodging.

3. I was fatigued with travelling, roving, and want of rest; I was very hungry; and my whole stock of cash consisted of a Dutch dollar, and about a shilling in copper.

4. The latter I gave the people of the boat for my passage, who at first refused it on account of my rowing; but I insisted on their taking it. A man is sometimes more generous when he has but a little money than when he has plenty, perhaps through fear of being thought to have but little. Then I walked up a street, gazing about, till, near the market-house, I met a boy with bread.

5. I had made many a meal on bread, and, inquiring where he had bought it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to, in Second Street, and asked for biscuit, intending such as we had in Boston; but they, it seems, were not made in Philadelphia.

6. Then I asked for a threepenny loaf, and was told

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they had none such. So, not considering or knowing the difference of money, or the greater cheapness or the names of his bread, I bade him give me threepenny-worth of any sort.

7. He gave me, accordingly, three great, puffy rolls. I was surprised at the quantity, but took it, and, having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm, and eating the other.

8. Thus I went up Market Street as far as Fourth Street, passing by the door of Mr. Reed, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward and ridiculous appearance.

9. I then turned and went down Chestnut Street, and part of Walnut Street, eating my roll all the way. Coming round, I found myself again at Market Street Wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of the river water; and being filled with one of my rolls, I gave the other two to a woman and her child who came down the river in the boat with us, and were waiting to go farther.

10. Thus refreshed, I walked again up the street, which by this time had many clean-dressed people in it who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led into a great meeting-house of the Quakers, near the market.

11. I sat down among them, and, after looking round awhile and hearing nothing said, being very drowsy through labor and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep, and continued so till the meeting broke up, when one was kind enough to rouse me. This was, therefore, the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia.

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cribe his appearance on his first entrance into Philadelphia. Tell th
y of the threepenny-worth of bread. What house did he enter first
y does he describe so particularly his first entrance into Philadelphia

try. Act of entering; entrance.
like'ly. Improbable; unpromis-
g.

Ri-dic'u-lous. Worthy of bei
laughed at; absurd.
Rouse. Wake from sleep or rest.

LXXII.— ALL HAIL THE LAND.

ERNEST CLARE.

stănd'ard ădd'ed ĕm'pīre
rāin'bō̄w shrīne răl'ly-ing

1st Voice.

1. ALL hail the land of liberty.
We 'll shout our nation's glory,
And when we see her standard free
Sing of her noble story.
Over our heads her stars shall wave;
Her eagle guard us to the grave;
Her stripes — the rainbow in our sky —
Shall float above us when we die.

All.

One land is ours, — its flag shall be
The stars, the stripes, — the eagle free.

2d Voice.

2. O glorious land! we love thy name;
Thy heroes, too, we cherish;

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Whether our home be Southern shore,
Or where Niagara's waters roar,
One land is ours, — its flag shall be
The stars, the stripes, — the eagle free.

All.

One land is ours, — its flag shall be
The stars, the stripes, — the eagle free.

3d Voice.

3. Home of the brave! while Time shall stand,
Thy heart no hand shall sever;
From Erie's strand there 's but one land
To Georgia's rolling river.
Ever the same her stars shall shine
And added glory deck her shrine,
While still Columbia's name shall be
"The mighty empire of the free."

All.

One land is ours, — its flag shall be
The stars, the stripes, — the eagle free.

4th Voice.

4. Then hail the land of liberty!
We 'll shout our nation's glory,
And, rallying round our standard free,
Fight for her noble story.
Over our heads her stars shall wave,
Her eagle guard us to our grave:
Her stripes — the rainbow in our sky —
Shall gleam above us when we die.

All.

One land is ours, — its flag shall be
The stars, the stripes, — the eagle free.

Stand'ard. An ensign or flag in war; a banner.

Ral'ly-ing. Coming together or into order.

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stärt'ing	ex-cīte'ment	sāfe'ty
tẹmp-tā'tiọn	coŭr'ạge	rĭv'u-lĕt

1st Voice.

1. YOU are starting to-day on life's journey,
Alone on the highway of life;
You will meet with a thousand temptations,
Each city with evil is rife,
This world is a stage of excitement,
There is danger wherever you go;
And when you are tempted to weakness,
Have courage, dear child, to say no!

All.

No! no! no!
To the tempter, we 'll ever say no!

2d Voice.

2. In courage alone lies your safety,
When you the long journey begin,
And trust in a Heavenly Father,
To keep you unspotted from sin.
Temptations will go on increasing,
As streams from a rivulet flow,
But ever be true to your manhood;
Have courage, dear child, to say no!

All.

No! no! no!
To the tempter, we 'll ever say no!

ing. Beginning or setting out. | **Rife.** Abounding; **plentiful.**
r. Freedom from danger; se- | **Riv'u-let.** A small **stream, or**

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LXXIV. — THE GEYSERS OF T STONE.

JAMES RICHARDSON.

ğeȳ′seṛ	di-mĭu′u-tĭve
văl′leẏ	sym-mĕt′ri-cal
spĕc′ta-cle	ăc′cu-rate
rĕğ′u-lar	ăp′er-tūre
slōp′ing	stā′tion-a-ry

JUST over the western margin of Basin, yet within the limits of th Park, is the grand geyser region of Fireh in a valley a dozen miles long, and two an exhibition of boiling and spouting s quite stupendous.

2. Firehole River, the main fork of its source in Madison Lake, a beautiful like a gem among the mountains. Scat banks of the river are boiling springs in The craters of these springs are from t high. They gradually seal themselves mineral matter around and over their bers of such self-closed craters, now co are scattered along the river-side.

3. Thinking the wonders of Yellowst been left behind, and only anxious to ments of the Madison Valley, the exped to see at no great distance an immense sparkling water projected into the air to hundred and twenty-five feet. "Geyse claimed one of the company, and spur

horses, they were soon gathered around the magnificent spectacle.

4. This geyser stands on a mound thirty feet above the level of the surrounding plain, its crater rising five or six feet higher. It spouted at regular intervals nine times during their stay. At each discharge, which lasted from fifteen to twenty minutes, the columns of boiling water were thrown from ninety to one hundred and twenty-five feet.

5. Sloping gently from the rim of the crater in every direction, the rocks are filled with cavities, constantly overflowing with hot water. These cavities are also fringed with coral-like beads of a bright saffron color, with meshes as delicate as the finest lace. Diminutive yellow columns rise from their depth, capped with small tablets of rock, resembling flowers growing in the water. The deposits seem as delicate as the down on a butterfly's wing, both in texture and coloring, yet are firm and solid.

6. With little or no warning this geyser sends up a column of water about six feet in diameter, and by a succession of impulses seems to hold it up steadily for the space of fifteen minutes. When the action ceases, the water recedes beyond sight, and, until another exhibition occurs, nothing is heard but the occasional escape of steam.

7. Just across the river and close to the margin stood a symmetrical cone, three feet in height and five in diameter. Not one of the company supposed that it was a geyser; and among so many wonders it had almost escaped notice. While we were at breakfast on the morning of our departure, a column of water entirely filling the crater shot from it, which by accurate measurement was found to be over two hundred feet in height.

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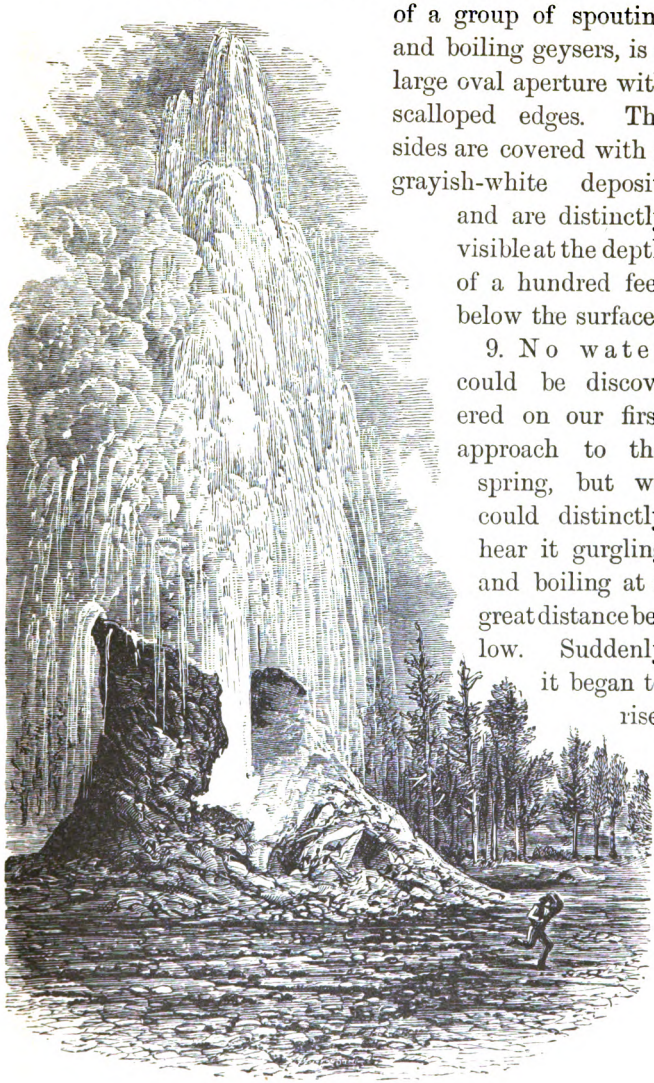
8. A hundred yards farther from the river, near the centre of a group of spouting and boiling geysers, is a large oval aperture with scalloped edges. The sides are covered with a grayish-white deposit, and are distinctly visible at the depth of a hundred feet below the surface.



9. No water could be discovered on our first approach to the spring, but we could distinctly hear it gurgling and boiling at a great distance below. Suddenly it began to rise,

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boiling and spluttering, and sending out huge volumes of steam. This caused a general flight of our company, and drove us some distance from our point of observation.

10. When within about forty feet of the surface it became stationary, and we returned to look down upon it. It was foaming and surging at a terrible rate, occasionally sending up small jets of hot water nearly to the mouth of the orifice.

11. All at once it rose with great rapidity, hardly affording us time to flee to a safe distance, and burst from the orifice with terrible force, rising in a column the full size of this immense aperture to the height of sixty feet. Five or six smaller jets, round columns of water, varying in size from six to fifteen inches in diameter, were projected to the marvellous height of two hundred and fifty feet.

12. This grand eruption continued for twenty minutes, and was the most magnificent sight we ever witnessed. The rays of the sun filled the sparkling column with myriads of rainbows, whose arches were constantly changing. The minute globules into which the smaller jets were diffused sparkled like a shower of diamonds as they fell. All that we had previously witnessed seemed tame in comparison with the combined grandeur and beauty of this display.

13. Across the river, and a short distance below this group, is the largest formation in the valley, — the crater of Castle Geyser, from its resemblance to the ruins of an old castle. The entire mound is about forty feet high, and the lower portion rises in steps, made by successive depositions an inch or two thick. This has undoubtedly been one of the most powerful geysers in the basin; it still keeps up a great roaring inside. It occasionally

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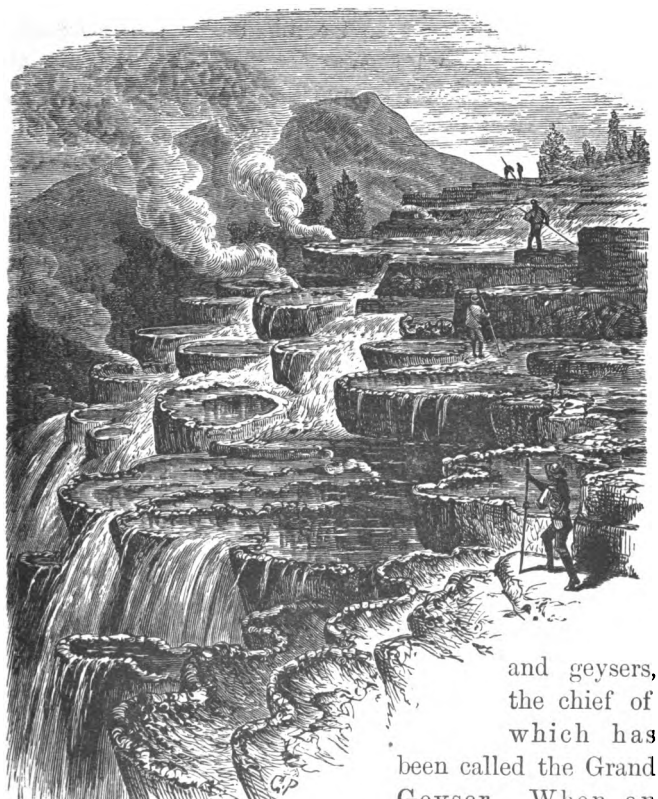
threw out a column of water to the height of ten or fifteen feet and once to the height of sixty feet, — the eruption being followed by the escape of volumes of steam.

14. A little below the Castle are some fifty springs



and geysers, the chief of which has been called the Grand Geyser. When an eruption is about to occur, the basin gradually fills with boiling water to within a few feet of the surface. Suddenly, with heavy concussions, immense clouds of steam rise to the height of five hundred feet. The whole great body of

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water, twenty-five feet in diameter, ascends in a gigantic column to the height of ninety feet; while, from the apex of this column, five other great jets shoot up to the remarkable altitude of two hundred and fifty feet from the ground.

15. The earth seems to tremble under the descending deluge. A thousand hissing sounds are heard in the air. Rainbows encircle the summits with a halo of glory. It is probably the grandest, the most majestic, and the most terrible fountain in the world.

16. After playing thus for twenty minutes it gradually subsides, the water disappears, the steam ceases to escape, and all is quiet. This geyser played three times in the afternoon, and the waving to and fro of the gigantic fountain in the bright sunlight afforded a spectacle of wonder of which no description can give more than a very feeble idea.

Stu-pen'dous. Wonderful; astonishing.
Pro-ject'ed. Thrown or cast forward.
Jad'ed. Tired; weary.
Cra'ter. The mouth or circular cavity at the summit of a volcano.
In'ter-vals. Spaces of time.
Ap'er-ture. Opening; hole.
De-pos'it. Solid matter left by flowing water.
Sta'tion-a-ry. Fixed; motionless.
Or'i-fice. An opening in the form of a mouth.
Dif-fused'. Spread; scattered.
Con-cus'sions. Shocking or agitation; shocks.
Sub-sides'. Settles; abates.

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vĭ″şiọn tĕr′rọr
grȧnt′ẹd făsh′iọn

[Sir John Franklin was a distinguished Engli
May, 1845, he started, with two vessels, on a v
Pole, in hopes of discovering a northwest pass
His vessel was last seen in July of that year.
next eleven years more than twenty different e
out to look for the missing crew, but without
until 1859 that his fate was ascertained by the c
vessel fitted out by his wife, Lady Franklin,
deemed the task hopeless. It was then ascertai
of sickness on the 11th of June, 1847.

This poem was written by Miss Elizabeth H
John Greenleaf Whittier, the well-known poet.]

1. FOLD thy hands, thy work i
Cool thy watching eyes wit
Let thy poor heart, overwearied,
Rest alike from hopes and fear

2. Hopes, that saw, with sleepless v
One sad picture fading slow ;
Fears, that followed, vague and n
Lifting back the veils of snow.

3. For thy brave one, for thy lost o
Truest heart of woman, weep !
Owning still the love that grante
Unto thy belovéd sleep.

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4. Not for him that hour of terror,

What but that could mercy grant him?
What but that has been thy prayer?

6. Dear to thee that last memorial,
From the cairn beside the sea:
Evermore the month of roses *
Shall be sacred time to thee.

7. Sad it is the mournful yew-tree †
O'er his slumbers may not wave;
Sad it is the English daisy ‡
May not blossom on his grave.

8. But his tomb shall storm and winter
Shape and fashion year by year,
Pile his mighty mausoleum
Block by block, and tier on tier.

9. Guardian of its gleaming portal
Shall his stainless honor be,
While thy love, a sweet immortal,
Hovers o'er the winter sea!

1. Gave.
i-al. Something to preserve
mory of anything.
A heap of stones.

Mau-so-le'um. A magnificent tom
or monument.
Por'tal. An entrance.

was Sir John Franklin? What did he hope to discover? Wh
vessel last seen? How long was it before his fate was ascertaine
month did his death occur? To whom is the poem addresse
the meaning of the eighth stanza?

ne, the month in which Franklin died, is known as "
of roses."

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LXXVI. — AN ADVENTURE WITH A TAME BEAR.

WILLIAM T. ADAMS.

suc-cĕs′sion	a-frāid′	mys-tē′ri-oŭs
con-vēn′ience	af-fōrd′	ac-cŏm′mo-dāte
ter-rĭf′ic	fe-rō′cious	stra-tĕg′ic
sŭf′fer-er	skĭlled	păs′sage
wĕap′on (wĕp′pn)	as-sûr′ance	cŏm′pli-mĕnt

WHEN we reached the road which leads from Hitaca to Priam, Waddie turned to the right and I turned to the left. I was about to enter the rustic gateway which opened into the estate of Captain Portman, when I was startled by a succession of shrill screams. I saw Waddie spring into the woods which bounded the road on the left.

2. The voice of the person in distress (for I supposed no one would scream unless in distress) was that of a female. Of course I was interested; and, turning from the gateway, I rushed down the road, and followed Waddie into the woods.

3. I had made such good time that I overtook my fellow-voyager before he reached the scene of the adventure. The trees were very large, and the grove had been cleared up on the ground for the convenience of the visitors at the Cataract House, so that we could see some distance; and we soon discovered the person who had uttered the terrific screams. She was a young lady, elegantly dressed, and apparently not more than seventeen years old.

4. "Help! help!" she cried, as she stood apparently paralyzed.

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5. But we could see nothing to alarm her, though we discovered a young gentleman in the distance moving rapidly in the direction of the hotel.

6. "What is the matter with her?" asked Waddie.

7. "I don't see anything to frighten her."

8. "I do," added Waddie, as we stepped forward, and discovered a small black bear, which a huge tree had before hidden from our view.

9. "A bear!" I exclaimed.

10. The creature stood up on his hind legs, and was reaching forward with his right fore-paw towards the young lady, while the left was dropped at his side. For my own part, I do not remember that I had ever even seen a bear before, and I confess that I did not like the looks of him.

11. Whether Waddie shared my feeling or not I do not know; but he quickened his pace, and soon placed himself by the side of the interesting sufferer. Neither of us had a club, knife, or other weapon, and we were not in condition to face a wild beast.

12. "Save me!" gasped the young lady.

13. "I will conduct you to the hotel, if you please," said Waddie, hardly noticing the bear, which still sat upon his haunches, with his right paw extended towards the terrified maiden.

14. "Oh, dear me! I cannot move," sighed she.

15. Waddie took her by the arm, and supported her. As they moved off, the bear followed.

16. "He 's coming!" cried the lady; and, afraid that the awful monster behind would pounce upon her, she halted and faced him again.

17. The moment they stopped, Bruin raised himself on his haunches again, and held out his paw as before. I

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came to the conclusion that if he intended to eat any one up, he would have begun before this time, and I ventured to place myself between him and the lady.

18. This brave movement on my part seemed to afford the lady some relief; but she clung to Waddie as though she expected to be devoured, brown silk dress, laces, ruffles, and all. The bear looked at me a moment, as I stood about a rod distant from him.

19. Dropping upon all fours again, he cantered toward me. I was inclined to beat a retreat, but somehow the animal did not seem to be so ferocious as wild beasts have the credit of being, and, though it required no little resolution on my part, I decided to stand my ground.

20. The fellow evidently meant something by his action; but I was not sufficiently skilled in bear nature to comprehend him. He was not savage, and did not exhibit the slightest intention to use the fine rows of elegant teeth which he displayed.

21. This assurance was very comforting to me. I retreated two or three paces as a strategic movement, in order to develop the further intentions of the enemy, if he was an enemy. The rascal followed me, again stood up, and presented his paw.

22. By this time I had discovered what Bruin meant by his mysterious movement with the right fore-paw. When I had worked my courage up to the sticking point, I extended my hand toward him, to see if he would snap at it.

23. If he did, I concluded that I should use a big stone which lay on the ground at my feet. If he wanted to fight, I felt that, in the cause of a terrified maiden, — very pretty, too, at that, — I could afford to test the relative hardness of the bear's head and the rock.

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24. But I wronged him. The bear had no belligerent intentions. He was evidently a good fellow in his way; and, if bearish in his manners, he was friendly in his disposition. Instead of snapping at my hand, he reached forward his paw, and I realized then that he only desired to shake hands with me.

25. I had learned a sufficient amount of politeness to accommodate him in this respect, and when I took his paw he bowed his head several times, to indicate his pleasure at making my acquaintance. I could not suffer myself to be behind him in courtesy, and I bowed as often as he did.

26. I heard Waddie laughing heartily, and, turning round, I saw that the young lady was beginning to smile at the passage of compliments between me and the bear. I must say that I was delighted with my new acquaintance, he was so polite and well-mannered. But I had not yet measured the depth of his affection for me.

27. He was not satisfied with merely bowing and shaking hands with me, but insisted upon hugging me. First he embraced my arm, and then my body, though I did not yet feel quite well enough acquainted with him to endure the final transport of his devotion.

28. I shook him off, and he tumbled upon the ground. Then he began to roll over, as a dog is taught to do, making the most extravagant demonstrations of affectionate regard towards me. In a few moments I was rolling on the grass with him, and I felt confidence enough in his good intentions to return his embraces.

29. I put my hand in his mouth, but he did not bite; and though his sharp claws were rather trying to the nap of my coat, he used them only in fun.

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Par'a-lyzed. Benumbed; deadened; unable to move.
Pace. Degree of swiftness or speed.
Pounce. Fall upon suddenly.
Halt'ed. Stopped walking.
Vent'ured. Risked; dared.
Com-pre-hend'. Understand.
Bel-lig'er-ent. Waging war; engaged in war.
Ex-trav'a-gant. Unreasonable; profuse.

LXXVII. — INDIANS OF THE WESTERN PRAIRIES.

COL. R. B. MARCY, U. S. A.

PART I.

bŭf'fa-lōeş	at-tăch'ment	ăq'ui-lĭne
ăr'rōw	ma-tē'ri-al	mŏc'ca-sons
shiēld	flĕx'i-ble	ver-mĭl'ion
pĕr'ma-nĕnt	com-plĕx'ion	tŏr'let

THE habits of all the prairie tribes of Indians are alike in many respects. They all follow the buffaloes, and use the bow and arrow, lance and shield. They fight their battles on horseback, on the open prairie, and transport their lodges and all their worldly effects wherever they go.

2. On the contrary, the Indians of the Eastern States, from the time of the first discovery of the country, lived in permanent villages, where they cultivated fields of corn, and had a strong attachment to their ancestral abodes and the graves of their fathers. Seldom wandering far from home, they did not use horses, but always made their war and hunting expeditions on foot, and sought the cover of trees on going into action.

3. The use of the bow, which is the favorite weapon of

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the prairie Indian, and which, in hunting the buffalo, he uses exclusively, is taught the boys at a very early age. By constant and careful practice, they acquire a degree of skill in this art that makes them, when grown up, formidable in war and successful in the chase.

4. Their bows are made of the tough and elastic wood of the Osage orange, strengthened with the sinews of the deer wrapped firmly around them, and strung with a cord of the same material. They are not more than three feet long. Their arrows are twenty inches long, of flexible wood, with a triangular piece of iron at one end, and two feathers at the other. At short distances, this bow is very effective, and often throws the arrow entirely through the huge body of the buffalo.

5. The men are of about the medium stature, with bright copper-colored complexions, and intelligent countenances, in many instances with aquiline noses, thin lips, black eyes and hair, and with but little beard. They never cut the hair, but wear it of very great length, and ornament it on state occasions with silver and beads.

6. Their dress consists of leggings and moccasons, a cloth around the waist, and a buffalo robe over the shoulders. The women are obliged to cut their hair close to their heads, and are far from being so good-looking as the men.

7. They make no use of money except for ornaments. Like other tribes, they are fond of decking themselves with paint, beads, and feathers; and the young warrior often spends more time upon his toilet than the most conceited coxcomb that can be found in civilized life. Bright red and blue are their favorite colors, and vermilion is an important article in the stock of goods of one of their traders. This they always carry about their persons; and

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vided they have time) make their toile
paint their faces.

Ef-fects'. Goods; furniture.
Ex-clu'sive-ly. Especially; only; without participation.
For'mid-a-ble. Terrible; dreadful; to be feared on account of power.
Ef-fec'tive. Producing effect; serviceable.
Tri-an'gu-lar.
Aq'ui-line. beak.
Deck'ing. Dre ing.
Cox'comb. A dandy.

LXXVIII. — INDIANS OF THE PRAIRIES.

COL. R. B. MARCY, U. S. A.

PART II.

dę-nȳ'ing
băr'rẹn
stăg'nant
sạ-lū'brị-oŭs
pę-cūl'iar
săd'dle

THE Indians of the Western prairie wholly on the flesh of the buffalo. monly found on the trails of these animal them from place to place, as the seasons those vast plains of the West which are, not capable of cultivation, and seem desti the abode of these wandering savages.

2. But nature, in denying one good another by way of compensation. No pa ble globe is more favorable to health and

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great bodies of timber, and all other sources of disease, and open to every wind that blows, it is everywhere salubrious, and the air imparts a peculiar force and vigor alike to body and mind.

3. The wandering Indian of the prairies, in the enjoyment of perfect health, nature's best gift, is as free as the boundless plains over which he roams. He neither knows nor wants any luxuries beyond what he finds in the buffalo or the deer around him. These serve him with food, clothing, and a covering for his lodge, and he sighs not for the titles and distinctions which occupy the thoughts and engage the energies of civilized man.

4. His only ambition consists in being able to vanquish his enemy in war, and in managing his steed with skill and grace. He is in the saddle from boyhood to old age, and his favorite horse is his constant companion. It is when mounted that the prairie warrior shows himself to the best advantage. Here he is at home, and his skill in various manœuvres which he makes use of in battle — such as throwing himself entirely upon one side of his horse, and rapidly discharging his arrows towards the opposite side, from beneath the animal's neck, when he is at full speed — is truly astonishing.

5. Every warrior has his war-horse, which is the fleetest that can be obtained, and he prizes him more highly than anything else in his possession, and it is seldom that he can be induced to part with him at any price. He never mounts him except when going into battle, upon a buffalo-chase, or upon state occasions.

6. Most Indians are very fond of ardent spirits, which they call fire-water; but the prairie tribes are, for the most part, an exception to the general rule. They say the taste is not pleasant, that it makes fools of them, and

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that they do not desire it. But all of them are very fond of tobacco, which, mixed with the dried leaves of the sumach, they use for smoking, inhaling the smoke into their lungs, and giving it out through their nostrils.

Sub-sist'. Feed.
Trails. Marks or tracks left by anything that has passed along.
Mi'grat-ing. Removing to another country.
Des'tined. Appointed; ordained; doomed.
Sa-lu'bri-ous. Promoting health; wholesome.
Van'quish. Defeat; conquer; overcome.
Ma-nœu'vres. Dexterous or skilful management; tricks.
In-hal'ing. Drawing in with air.

In what are the habits of the prairie tribes of Indians alike? What were the habits of the Indians of the Eastern States? What is the favorite weapon of the prairie Indian? Describe it. Describe the general appearance of these Indians. Upon what do the Indians of the Western plains chiefly subsist? What compensation is there for the barrenness of their country? What does the warrior prize most highly of all his possessions?

LXXIX. — THE SPIDER, THE CATERPILLAR, AND THE SILK-WORM.

MRS. CHILD.

wēav'ẹr ẹm-brŏĭd'ẹr trăns-pār'ẹn-cy
căt'ẹr-pĭl-lạr sym'pạ-thīze pur-sūed'
im-ăg'i-na-ble dĕl'i-cạte dẹ-vĕl'op

"WHAT sort of a weaver is your neighbor, the Silk-worm?" said a Spider to a Caterpillar.

2. "She is the slowest, dullest creature imaginable," replied the Caterpillar. "I can weave a web sixty times as quick as she can. But then she has got her name up in

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the world, while I am constantly the victim of envy and hatred. My productions are destroyed, sometimes rudely and harshly, sometimes with insidious cunning, but her labors are praised all the world over. Mankind wreathe them with flowers, embroider them with gold, and load them with jewels."

3. "I sympathize with you deeply, for I, too, am the victim of envy and injustice. Look at my web across the window-pane? Did the Silk-worm ever do anything to equal its delicate transparency? Yet I suppose to-morrow's sun will see it swept away by the unfeeling housemaid. Alas! my sister, genius and merit are always pursued by envy."

4. "Foolish creatures," exclaimed a man who overheard their complaints. "You, Mrs. Caterpillar, who boast of your rapid productions, let me ask you what is their value? Do they not contain the eggs that will hereafter develop themselves, and destroy blossoms and fruit, leaving the trees of summer as bare as those of winter?

5. "As for you, Mrs. Spider, you are hardly worthy of a rebuke. Your transparent web is so light that a dew-drop is enough to break it. Like other framers of flimsy snares, you will catch a few silly little flies, and then be swept away, and seen no more. How can such as you estimate the labors of the Silk-worm? They add splendor to the state of monarchs and grace to the form of beauty."

In-sid'i-ous. Sly; diligent to entrap. | **Flim'sy.** Of weak texture; feeble.
Pur-sued'. Chased; followed. | **Es'ti-mate.** Set a value on.

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LXXX. — WHITE MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

REV. THOMAS STARR KING.

vā'ry-ing	im-prĕs'sive	pel-lū'cid
scē'ner-y	grăn'ite	cas-cāde'
ŭn-veil'ing	cir-cŭm'fer-ĕnce	lănd'scāpe

WHOEVER visits, for the first time, the Franconia Notch, if he would thoroughly enjoy the ever-varying beauties of its scenery, should not fail to walk from one hotel to the other.

2. Thus only can he test with eye and ear the freshness of the forest. In this way only can he fully catch the glancing sunlight on the mountain stream, or note the rare beauties of the ferns and mosses on its banks.

3. By so doing only will he be enabled to have even a glimpse at the bright colors at the bottom of its cool, still pool, or to appreciate the over-arching grace of the trees, or hear the busy babble of its sparkling tide.

4. He should follow the mountain rivulet which runs parallel with the road, but which is for the most part concealed from it by the forest. No real lover of nature, who has time at command, will consent to lose the pleasure which these rambles give in unveiling the coy charms of nature's wildness.

5. Rev. Henry Ward Beecher tells us: "I have always wished that there might be a rock-spring upon my place. I would wish to have, back of the house some two hundred yards, a steep and tree-covered height of broad, cold, and mossy rocks, upholstered with vines and soft with deep mosses.

6. "Is any light so impressive as the last light of the day streaming into a forest so dark that even insects leave

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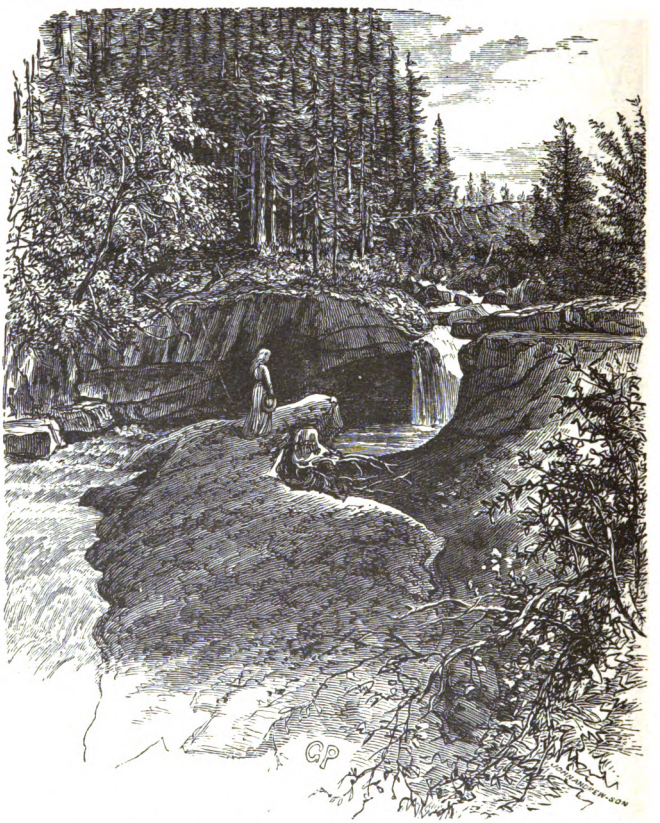
it silent? Yes, another light is as strange — that rose-light of the afternoon which shines down a hillside of vivid green grass.

7. "It strikes through the transparent leaves into the forest below, and spreads itself along the ground in a tender color for which we have no name."



8. The Basin, about a mile from the Flume House, to which the walk down the rivulet leads us, is just what the

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poetic preacher would desire to have transported to his grounds.

9. The granite bowl, sixty feet in circumference, is filled with water that is pellucid as air. The rocky shelf, twenty feet above, has been grooved by a cascade that perpetually pours over; and into the depths of cool shadow below, golden flakes of light sink down like falling leaves.

10. If it did not lie so near the dusty road, or if a landscape gardener could be commissioned to arrange the surroundings of it, it would be as rare a gem as the Franconia cabinet of curiosities could show.

11. There is a silent pool, whose glass
Reflects the lines of earth and sky;
The hues of heaven along it pass,
And all the verdant forestry.

12. And in that shining downward view,
Each cloud, and leaf, and little flower
Grows mid a watery sphere anew,
And doubly lives the summer hour.

13. Beside the brink a lovely maid
Against a furrowed stem is leaning,
To watch the painted light and shade
That give the mirror form and meaning.

14. Her shape and cheek, her eyes and hair,
Have caught the splendor floating round;
She in herself embodies there
All life that fills sky, lake, and ground.

15. And while her looks the crystal meets,
Her own fair image seems to rise;

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And, glass-like, too, her heart repeats
The world that there in vision lies.

16. The best way to enjoy the beauty of the Basin is to ascend to the highest of the cascades that slide along a mile of the mountain at the west. Follow down by their pathways, as they make the rocks now white with foam, now glassy with smooth, thin, transparent sheets, till they fall with musical splash into the shadowed reservoir beneath.

Va'ry-ing. Changing.
Glimpse. A short, transitory view; a glance.
Coy. Modest; shy.
Pel-lu'cid. Clear; transparent.
Brink. The margin of a steep place; the edge.
Em-bod'ies. Puts into a material shape.

THE END.

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